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INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER,

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Capital £600,000.

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N.B. The total Additions to Policies, made by the University Life Assurance Society, in 1830 and 1835, amount on the Policy for 1000l. as follows:—

If it has been effected 5 years, to the sum of £120

— 7 — 140

— 8 — 160

— 9 — 180

— 10 — 200

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IT SHOULD BE PARTICULARLY OBSERVED THAT POLICIES EFFECTED DURING THE PRESENT YEAR, ENDING 1st MAY, 1840, WILL BE IN TIME TO PARTICIPATE IN THE DIVISION OF PROFIT WHICH WILL BE MADE IN 1845.

Proposals for Assurances to be addressed to the Secretary, or to John Wray, Esq., Chairman of the Committee, 24, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East, London; or to the Corresponding Directors, the Rev. J. W. Hughes, Oxford, and H. Gunning, Esq., Cambridge, from whom proposals may be obtained.

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All claims payable within one month after proof of death.

Medical Attendants remunerated, in all cases, for their reports.

A liberal Commission allowed to Solicitors and Agents.

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20	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
30	1 6 4	1 12 2	1 19 1	2 7 4	2 17 6
40	1 16 1	2 4 4	2 14 6	3 7 3	4 3 4
50	2 16 7	3 6 5	3 15 5	4 15 6	5 15 6

PETER MORRISON, Resident Director.

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ADDITIONS TO POLICIES.

The following Table shows the Additions made to Policies for 5,000l., which had been in force for seven complete years, and also for fourteen years, to the 31st December, 1836, viz.

Age at commencement.	First Bonus for Seven Years, 1824 to 1831.	Second Bonus for Seven Years, 1831 to 1836.	Total Additions for Fourteen Years, 1824 to 1836.	Third Bonus for Seven Years, 1836 to 1841.
10	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
20	581 0 10	305 5 9	886 5 7	556 6 7
30	536 19 9	342 3 6	879 3 7	561 2 7
40	494 11 0	353 13 5	848 4 5	576 6 1
50	444 15 10	368 6 10	813 12 0	587 7 8
60	393 15 0	380 0 0	773 15 0	591 15 6
70	347 10 0	400 16 3	747 16 3	594 6 6
80	477 18 4	445 19 9	923 18 1	622 16 1
90	212 10 0	409 12 9	621 12 9	611 12 9
100	571 5 0	538 10 7	1109 15 7	612 15 7

The above additions, on an average of all ages, from 5 to 50, amount to Forty-three per cent. on the Premiums paid during the fourteen years.

Proportionate sums were also appropriated to Policies of smaller amount, and to such as had subsisted for less than seven years; conditionally, that, when death occurs, seven annual payments shall have been previously made.

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By order of the Board of Directors,
JOHN KNOWLES, Resident Director.

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A Director in attendance daily.
JOSEPH BLURDIDGE, Sec.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1839.

REVIEWS

The Life and Adventures of Michael Armstrong, the Factory Boy. By Frances Trollope. Nos. I. to VI. Colburn.

WE have so constantly protested against the cruelty of over-working children, for the vain purposes of a precocious education, that we need not occupy any considerable space in guarding against misrepresentation the opinions we are now about to express respecting the factory children and their employers. It is not in this stage of our labours that we are called on to avow an abhorrence of oppression, whatever shape it may assume, or to boast of our respect for human nature in the very humblest of its representatives. We see and lament, not in cotton manufactories alone, but throughout all the labouring classes of this country, the effects of a dense and complicated state of society—of a population pressing hard upon its resources; and we consider it no unimportant part of our duties, as journalists, to cast a watchful eye on whatever touches the interests of the operatives. There is, indeed, no attainable amount of mere pecuniary sacrifice that we should consider as an obstacle to any means which could be suggested, giving a rational hope of replacing this class of society in its proper and healthy position, and of removing evils so disgraceful to the national character, and so dangerous to the national prosperity. But in proportion as we desire to see an earnest and an enlightened effort to raise the condition and the character of the masses, we detest the cant of humanity in all its false and fraudulent phases, and are indignant, when we behold men anxious, on that plausible, but hollow pretext, to cast censure on others, and to load them with burdens which they would not themselves lighten at the slightest sacrifice of personal interests.

In applying these remarks to the question of legislative interference with the internal economy of manufactories, we are not about to explain away one tittle of the vast amount of misery inflicted, in exacting from children a quantity of labour disproportioned to their strength; neither do we deny that the reward of operative industry in all its branches is disproportionate to the physical wants of the man, and to the quantity of value he gives to the material on which he operates. We are conscious, not only of the hardship of such a state of things to the immediate victims, but of the danger which it implies to all existing institutions; and we never pass through a great manufacturing district, and behold the conditions, moral and physical, under which its thousands of human beings are congregated, without a painful sensation of awe at the too-evident consequences to the community in which they are suffered to continue. Far, indeed, are we from saying, that whatever else be done or undone, some amount of jealous inspection may not be necessary to protect the hapless children from the occasional brutality of task-masters; and we are quite ready to concede, that well-conceived restraints on the power which capital bestows over poverty, are in this case strictly necessary; but we are, at the same time, bound to protest alike against the insufficiency of such peddling legislation as has hitherto been attempted, for grappling with the evil, and to denounce the injustice and the calumny which have been brought to bear upon employers, in the absurd exaggerations of a fanatical crusade.

That avarice and cruelty are more strikingly predicable of mill-owners than of any other class of employers, is an absurd supposition. Like all human beings, the master manufacturers

may look too exclusively to the main chance when their interests are severely tried; but till we see landlords forgetting themselves in their generous legislation for their tenants' benefit, or not thinking more of their manorial rights than of the moral welfare of the rural population—till we see lawyers advocating simplified codes, merchants ceasing to take advantage of the turn of the market, or any class or condition of people preferring the general good to their own special interests,—we shall be slow to believe in any peculiar and excessive connexion between cotton and cruelty, or spinning-jennies and cannibalism. The evils which beset the manufacturing system are (speaking generally) not the voluntary and deliberate effects of individual malice—they are not the results of a conscious neglect, an indifference to sufferings foreseen and despised in the keen pursuit of gain—they are the necessary, but unlooked-for results of combinations, too various and too remote for the observance of traders absorbed in the routine of gigantic speculations—of circumstances over which the manufacturer had no control, and of which he is himself, in the long run, scarcely less the victim. That such evils, growing up gradually in the progress of commerce, may have become too much a matter of course to strike the imaginations of those on the spot as they do the stranger, is more than probable; but that they are, in the present day, wholly unseen, unfelt, or treated with indifference by the master manufacturers, is a proposition utterly untenable.

The master manufacturer, like all other employers, has a direct interest, overlooked only by the shallowest observers, in the adequate remuneration of his workmen, as far as that is compatible with his own reasonable profits in trade. The most short-sighted and unfeeling of them knows that he can get more work from a healthy, contented operative, than from him who is half-starved and sulky: the master, too, lives under a wholesome dread of strikes, and of the destruction of machinery. The combinations of employers to reduce wages, therefore, must be far less manifestations of a desire for inordinate gain, than the enforced consequences of difficulties which press upon their enterprise, and drive them in search of unwonted economies. The most liberal and humane master knows that he cannot long continue his operations at a loss, and sees, at the end of an ill-calculated generosity, not only his own ruin, but that of all his dependents. Need we, in the present day, insist on so elementary a fact, as that the value of labour in the market, and the variations of profits, and of wages, are governed by their own laws, and that they have nothing to do either with benevolence or exaction? But if the master be not answerable for the low rate of wages, he cannot be answerable for the distress which ultimately determines the amount of labour required from the factory child. It is not enough that an employer should desire to keep the children at the mill till they drop, exhausted by toil, in order to ensure the effect; it is necessary also that the father's wages should not be sufficient to maintain the child at home. There are two parties to the bargain; and the parent would not surrender his offspring to disease and misery in the mill, if that were not the least of two evils presented to his choice. That this is a practical truth, is demonstrable in the eagerness with which operatives watch the markets, and take advantage of every improvement in trade, which promises an increased demand for their labour, to combine and strike for higher wages. Even when the combinations of workmen were subject to unjust and oppressive legal restrictions, the masters were never able to dictate their own prices; but now, when all legal shackles are re-

moved, and the labour market is open and free, there is every reason to believe, that necessity alone determines the amount of remuneration. That the parents themselves are a consenting party to their children's sufferings, is indeed only an aggravation of the evil; but it shows the presence of an overruling cause, beyond the mere volitions of the manufacturer.

On the other hand, that a continued pressure upon trade, a progressive diminution of profits, must tend to render the employer hard and grasping, and act as a perpetual stimulus, forcing him to push every advantage against the operative to the uttermost, is in the common course of human nature. But the progressive fall of that never-failing barometer, the rate of interest, abundantly proves that such a pressure has, amongst continual fluctuations, lain heavy on all manufacturing speculations for a long series of years. The decline of interest which arises from abundant capital should and would tend to encourage speculation, and, by making new demands on the labour market, raise wages. That the fact has been otherwise, is a certain proof that the fall depends upon other causes, and that there is something extrinsic at work, equally oppressive to both the parties in the contract. Every tyro, indeed, knows that the competition with foreign manufacturers has been continually increasing since the peace, and has reduced the profits of trade in all its branches, compelling employers to look on all sides for the most trifling sources of retrenchment. The frequency of commercial crises, too, affords other collateral evidence that the average rate of profits is not too high; and such revulsions, independently of all general causes, exhaust, not merely the profits, but the capital of the manufacturer, and afflict the labourer, in addition to his misfortune of low wages, by uncertainty as to the future, which sets calculation at defiance, and yields a daily lesson of improvidence. Under the pressure of such crises, the paramount necessity is, to keep the mill going, and preserve the establishment alive till the cloud blows over. This is the common interest of both parties; though the immediate evil falling most heavily on the operative, (inasmuch as diminished pay is famine,) sometimes blinds him to the reason of the case, or makes him indifferent to it. Where such evils exist, it is worse than folly to talk of sentiment, or to deal with secondary causes. Mill-owners cannot refuse the smallest economy that offers in working the mill, on pain of ruin; and without forfeiting a claim to common humanity, they may be brought to look on the sufferings of their operatives, as a general looks on the carnage and mutilation of his soldiers.

These are truths on which we cannot now enlarge—they are known to all conversant with the subject. What, then, is our conclusion? Not that human life is to be disregarded—not that, in the struggle for existence, the weakest shall be suffered to go to the wall, unpitied or unassisted—and, least of all, that a mining and ulcerating disease shall be allowed to prey upon the national vitals, till its unremedied virulence disorganizes society;—but that, in protecting the weak, justice may be administered to all; that in order to screen one set of interests, another shall not be accused of cruelty for not effecting impossibilities; and that ignorant and mischievous sciolists and shallow pretenders to legislative skill shall not be allowed to interfere with the freedom of trade, increasing the misery they affect to denounce; or be permitted, by a pharisaical zeal against factory offences, to turn aside public attention from their own delinquencies—to

Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By d—ning those they have no mind to.

These preliminary remarks, however tedious in the perusal, will, we trust, afford the shortest and clearest insight into the grounds of our objection to the character and tendency of Mrs. Trollope's 'Factory Boy'—a work which, from the form and mode of publication (in illustrated shilling numbers), might seem to belong to that numerous class whose primary, if not sole object, is amusement. Of this, however, we were suspicious from the first; but we resolved to wait until we could speak confidently as to its scope and design. We were unwilling, without further evidence, to believe, notwithstanding some strong indications to the contrary, that this popular, cheap, and widely diffusible medium, was chosen for the purpose of scattering firebrands among the people, for wantonly decrying and discrediting a class of persons whose operations are intimately bound up with the very existence of the nation, and for adding to that already mounting sum of discontent, which, under the name of Chartism, is matter of such grave and fearful interest to every enlightened lover of our country.

That this is the practical tendency of the work must now be evident on the slightest inspection of the numbers already before the public. Admitting her facts in all their extent, the view which Mrs. Trollope takes of the subject is that of the shallowest of the physical force orators,—namely, that the disorganization and misery of the manufacturing population are the consequences of an unequal division of the profits of trade, as between capital and labour—arising not from the activity of natural laws, (for of these if she has ever heard, we acquit her of all capability of understanding their operation,) but from the steady practice of cunning and selfish arts, conceived in malice aforethought, and prosecuted in utter contempt of the duties of religion and the dictates of humanity. Taking this proposition for her theme, Mrs. Trollope proceeds to work it out by a method, as inherently vulgar as the idea itself. According to the most approved and commonplace rule for the misrepresentation of classes, she embodies her notion of the manufacturers in a fictitious personage—a sort of moral scape-goat, laden with all the sin and all the error with which they may, in justice or injustice, be chargeable. In the filling out of such an ideal abstraction of cotton-spinningism, there is concentrated every prejudice incidental to the lowest and least educated understandings of the populace; and this, too, not simply in the interest of the story, "for the better carrying on of the plot," but with a deliberate intention of running down the mercantile character, and placing it in disadvantageous contrast with the pure-hearted, ungrasping, and intellectually and pecuniarily liberal members of the landed aristocracy. Sir Matthew Dowling, the demon-hero of the work, is a manufacturer,—therefore he is a man of narrow intellect, of hard heart, a vulgar upstart imitator of the luxuries, the refinements, and the habits and manners of the estates gentry. He is, for the same cause, at least, a practical Atheist; and, both in theory and practice, a Radical. As a cotton lord, he is not only a blood-sucker of his people for filthy lucre, but (probably on the true principle of Tacitus), he entertains for them an abstract and independent loathing, which seeks its gratification in the customary melo-dramatic style, by wanton outrages, dangerous to his own personal safety, and injurious to his own coarse interests:—*au reste*,

"Sir Matthew was a superior man in all ways. He was six feet two inches in height, and stout in proportion, with hands and feet that might have sufficed a giant. His intellectual gifts were also of no ordinary character. He liked well enough, perhaps, to stand pre-eminent in the commercial estimation of his neighbours; but so enlightened was his spirit, that he liked better still to shine before their eyes as

a man of taste, a literary and accomplished gentleman, a speaker of modern languages, a critical French scholar, a playful votary of the muses himself, and a universal Mæcenas to all who wielded a pen in their service. But beyond all else, Sir Matthew valued himself upon his reputation for the lighter graces of wit and gallantry: he sought to make himself into something of a delightful mixture between Killigrew and the Count de Grammont: and there was no receptacle of wit from Joe Miller downwards, no gallant memoirs in an intelligible tongue, that he did not study with assiduity and perseverance of the highest order."

Whether such gifts and acquirements, or even the pretension to them, are strictly in keeping with the brutal conduct assigned to the hero, we leave to the lady to decide; but we cannot concede that a person so otherwise informed and cultivated, should be entirely ignorant of the nature and character of academical distinctions.

"Augustus, the eldest of the family, was a prodigiously fine young man, just returned from college. He had not indeed thought it necessary to take a degree, nor did Sir Matthew or her ladyship particularly wish it. As, on all points that concerned the interest of his eldest son, Sir Matthew was too deeply interested to run any risk of blundering: he did not give his consent for the return of Augustus, without his having gone through this idle academic ceremony, till he had paid a visit to the rector of his parish, to elicit from him some information on the subject. 'May I ask, sir,' said Sir Matthew abruptly, 'what degree you took at the university?' Mr. Hetherington was a new incumbent, and might, perhaps, have been a little affronted at a question which, by the blunt manner of it, seemed almost to insinuate a doubt whether he had taken any degree at all: but, though a good man, and an excellent clergyman to boot, he had a strong taste for humour, and had already discovered that his neighbour at the great house was rich in more ways than one. It was, therefore, with the utmost civility that he answered 'My degree, Sir Matthew, was that of Master of Arts.'—'And pray, sir, does it give you any title by which you can be distinguished as in any way a superior sort of person in society?'—'I am afraid not, Sir Matthew,' was the reply.—'I thank you, sir, for your sincerity,' rejoined the knight. 'You are, then, never addressed in company as Mr. Master of Arts, or any thing of that kind?'—'I have never yet, Sir Matthew, met with any one of sufficient politeness to do me that honour,' replied Mr. Hetherington gravely.—'And I suppose you have lived in respectable society?'—'Very decent society,—very decent, Sir Matthew.'

Such is Sir Matthew Dowling; and he is provided with a family and friends to match, equally sketched upon the same vulgar and superficial notions of persons and things, and according to formulæ now thoroughly worn out by the daily abuses alike of farce and of novel writing. The sophism implied in such portraits, when designed as the vehicles of fact, lies in this—that were the story literally true in all its minutest particulars, all cotton-spinners are not, and cannot be Sir Matthews. But the moral is built on his personal peculiarities, or those peculiarities are out of place and impertinent. Either, therefore, the implied statements against manufacturing in general are not true, or they arise out of other causes not mentioned. In one word, fiction is no instrument for the elimination of particular truths. But to proceed: Sir Matthew Dowling, being, as we have said, a cotton lord, has of course killed numberless children in his manufactory; in which process or processes he is mainly assisted by the amiable Mr. Joseph Parsons, overseer, in more senses than one, and a professional bruiser of children's shoulders, and breaker of bones. There is also a Dr. Crockley, a sort of compound of fun and ferocity, but a cold-hearted monster of unmotivated cruelty, such as never existed in *rerum naturâ*, in any nation, or any age. Among other amusements in the same line, Sir Matthew had, about the time when the history opens, worked a certain girl, by name Stephens, rather too obviously to death, which

excites inquiry and discontent among the operatives. At this juncture, his attention is called to the person of Michael Armstrong, a poor factory orphan, by the sentimental extravagance of a Minerva press Lady Clarissa; and, to oblige the said lady, and, at the same time, to turn attention from the untoward event of the girl's murder, he publicly adopts this child, takes him into his house, clothes and feeds him like his own children, and is blazoned through the country as a miracle of charity, benevolence, fine feeling, &c. &c. The opening numbers of the work are principally taken up with the development of this fact and its consequences, with details of ostentatious and affected kindness towards the lad, before the world, which would not impose on an idiot, and of basely cruel and cowardly malice secretly exerted against him by his nominal protector. With the story, however, we have nothing to do, further than as it is made to bear upon a pretended exposure of the factory system; and we shall therefore only remind the reader, that such things, if they exist at all, are not peculiar to manufacturers. The art of ingeniously tormenting is of a far older date. We must let Mrs. Trollope, however, speak for herself. After the accidental encounter between Lady Clarissa, Sir Matthew, and little Michael, and the induction of the latter to the great house, we have the following narrative and dialogue, explanatory of the manufacturer's character and views, which we have, for our own convenience, somewhat abridged:—

"Sir Matthew Dowling went to his bed hardly better pleased with what had occurred than little Michael. But there was this difference between them: little Michael said his prayers, which the great Sir Matthew did not; but, on the contrary, spent his last waking moment in cursing, with great fervour of spirit, the folly of the hideous old maid, who had entailed such a detestable burden upon him. Nevertheless, when he awoke the next morning with his head quite cool, he felt disposed to think more of the hint given him by his friend and favourite Dr. Crockley. With these rational thoughts working strongly in his ever-active brain, he rang his bell, and ordered that Joseph Parsons, his principal overlooker, should be sent for instantly, and shown into his study. A short half-hour brought the master and man to a *tête-à-tête* in the snug little apartment described in the first chapter. 'Good morning, Parsons,' said Sir Matthew. 'Have you heard anything of this meeting at the Weavers Arms, Parsons?'—'As much as a man was likely to hear, Sir Matthew, who, as you will easily believe, was not intended to hear anything.'—'And how much was that, Parsons?'—'Sit down, Parsons—sit down, and let us hear all about it.'—'All I know for certain is, that the people, old and young, our own people I mean, have, one and all, taken dudgeon about that girl Stephens, that died the week before last, just after leaving the mill. She had been at work all day in the spinning-mill, and who was to guess that she was that low?'—'It was a d—d stupid thing though, Parsons, to have a girl go on working, and not know whether she was dying or not.'—'And how is one to know, sir? I'll defy any man to find out, what with their tricks, and what with their real faintings.'—'You won't tell me, Parsons, that if you set your wits to work, you can't tell whether they are shamming or not?'—'That's not the question, Sir Matthew, asking your pardon. There's no great difficulty in finding out whether they are in a real faint, or only making the most of being a little sickish from standing, and want of air. That's not the difficulty. The thing is to know, when they really take to the downright faintings, whether they are likely to live through it or not.'—'However, Parsons,' continued Sir Matthew, 'we must not talk about that now, for I have something else to say to you. It is quite plain that they are getting again to their grumblings; and Crockley, who you know is up to every thing, says that he'll bet his life they have got some new mischief into their cursed heads. Now this must be prevented, Parsons, some way or other. I shall make you stare, perhaps, Mr. Parsons, when I tell you what I am about now. What should you

say now, Mr. Superintendent, to my taking a dirty little dog of a piecer out of the factory into my own house, and dressing him and feeding him, and lodging him, all for the love of pure benevolence, and little boys?—'I don't quite understand you, sir,' replied Mr. Joseph Parsons, looking very grave.—'No, I dare say you don't. But I think I do, Parsons, and that's more to the purpose. Trust me, man, it will do good if it's only by giving the people something to talk of just now, besides this confounded girl's death. And now, my good fellow, tell me all you know of a boy called Michael Armstrong, for he, you must understand, is the hero of my tale.'—

This our readers will think foolish enough, if the supposition be that any given Sir Matthew could act and talk in so absurd and self-convicting a manner. Still worse is it, if the innuendo be that all Sir Matthews generally are such offenders: but it is a downright breach of the Ninth Commandment, when we are given to understand that these Sir Matthews represent any portion of the Queen's lieges; living, acting, and suffering mill-owners, liable to lapidation, or, still worse, to *ex parte* legislation, on Mrs. Trollope's faulty and defective evidence. To return to Sir Matthew Dowling's last question, we may state, in answer, that Michael is a regular tract-drawn "good boy," and his mother a regular compound of intolerable privation and impossible meekness and content; clean, sickly, and picturesque, according to the most approved model. Here follows another abridged *tableau* :—

"Exactly at the bottom of the hill, just at the point where every summer storm and winter torrent deposited their gatherings, there to remain and be absorbed as they might, began a long, closely-packed double row of miserable dwellings, crowded to excess by the population drawn together by the neighbouring factories. There was a squalid, untrimmed look about them all, that spoke fully as much of want of care, as of want of cash in the unthrifty tribe who dwelt there. 'Where does widow Armstrong live?' demanded Mr. Parsons of a woman who was whipping a child for tumbling in the dung-hill before No. 5.—'In the back kitchen of No. 12, please your honour,' replied the woman, making a low reverence to the well-known superintendent.—'No. 12!—why that's Sykes's tenement—and they're on the ground floor themselves.'—'Yes, please your honour; but since the rents have been raised by Sir Matthew, the Sykes's have been obliged to let off the back-kitchen, and live in the front one.'—'Why there's a matter of a dozen of 'em, isn't there?'—'Yes, your honour, they lies terribly close.'—'Obstinate dolt-heads! That's just because they pretend to fancy that it is not good for the small children to work.'—'I know, for certain, that they have got two above five years, that they won't send to the factory; and then they have the out-daciousness to complain that the rents are raised—'as if because they are above choosing to earn money in an honest way, Sir Matthew was not to make what he could of his own. 'Tis disgusting to see such airs, where people ought to be thankful and happy to get work.'—'No. 12, is it, where I shall find the widow Armstrong?'—'Yes, please your honour—you'll be sure to find her. She's a cripple, poor soul, and can't stir.'—'She's made up her mind to go into the workhouse, hasn't she?' demanded the manager.—'Have she indeed, poor thing?' responded the woman, in an accent of compassion.—'I heard so, as I come along, and that's the reason I'm going to her. Our good Sir Matthew, who to be sure is the kindest-hearted man in the whole world, has taken a fancy to her boy, and he'll be a father to him, I'll be bound to say he will; and that's why I think he'd like me to give her a call, just to let her not to fret herself about the workhouse. If she don't like going there, she needn't, I dare say, with such a good friend as she's got.' The woman stared at him with an air of such genuine astonishment, that the superintendent felt disconcerted, and turning abruptly away, continued his progress down the lane. He had not proceeded far ere, on turning his head round to reconnoitre, he perceived the lean and lathy person of little Michael, advancing with an eager and rapid step towards his mother's dwelling. 'Soh!' ejaculated the sagacious Parsons, 'here comes the charity

job! it would be worth a week's wages to hear him tell his own story.' * * * Scarcely had the thought of overhearing little Michael's tale suggested itself, ere a sidelong movement ensconced him for a moment behind a favourite pig-sty, from whence, unseen, he watched the boy enter the door of No. 12. * * * The bodily senses of the agent announced to him that the tranquil tête-à-tête within the widow's chamber was disturbed by the entrance of persons, whose voice and step announced that they were men. Mr. Parsons was at no loss to guess their errand. 'Here they come!' muttered he. 'Now we'll see how Master Butchel manages his job.'—'We be commed to see,' said a gruff voice within the widow's chamber, 'whether or no you be commed to your senses, Mrs. Armstrong. You knows well enough what I means, without my going into it again; you knows well enough as I comes to talk to ye about the house again. We've had Larkins the baker, coming to inquire if there's parish pay to look to, for your bill, Mrs. Armstrong—and I have told him, no, not a farthing, not the quarter of a farthing, unless you'll come into the house. The parish have gone on allowing you two shilling a week, week after week. God knows how long—'tis a perfect shame and imposition, and the board says they won't do it no longer. * * * Here's a decent, respectable man, as is ready to take all you've got at a valuation, fair and honourable, but that's just as you please. I only called, as in duty bound, to tell ye that the parish don't mean to continy no such extravagance as paying you two shilling a week, no longer.'—'God help me!' answered the widow gently. 'If 'tis his will that so it should be, it would be a sin for me to complain. * * *

An abrupt, and most peremptory demand, for three pounds two shillings and sevenpence, was here made, by a sour-looking little man, who entered the small room without ceremony, making a group of intruders round the widow's bed, equally unwonted and unwelcome. Her over-taxed courage seemed to fail, for it was with something like a sob that she replied to his demand by saying, 'I shall have twelve shillings to take for needlework, when this is done, and you shall have it every farthing sir, if you'll be so merciful.' * * * 'Now's my time!' said Parsons to himself, as he stealthily crept from his hiding-place. 'Now for Sir Matthew's benevolence.' And, in a minute afterwards, his tall, gaunt figure, and hard countenance, were added to the company. * * * 'Hollo! why what's the matter now? Is all the parish come to wish joy to this good woman here!' said the overlooker, with as jocund an air as he could persuade his iron features to assume.—'Wish her joy?' responded the well-tutored parish-officer, 'and for what Mr. Parsons, if you please? For having an honest tradesman come upon her with the gripe of the law, in hopes to get what's his own? She's got into trouble, I promise you, and I don't very well see how she's to get out of it.'—'You don't say so?' said the confidential agent. 'What is that you, Mr. Larkins, coming to take the law of a poor body this way? I didn't think you was so hard-hearted.'—'I don't deserve that character, sir,' replied the baker sharply, 'for though desired to call and enforce his claim by the parish overseer, Mr. Larkins knew not a word about Sir Matthew's scheme of benevolence; and the proof that my heart isn't harder than other people's,' he continued, 'is, that I gave the widow here credit for what has been, excepting a few ounces of tea, her whole and sole living for months past.'—

'And very kind of ye too,' observed the conciliating superintendent.—'Indeed, indeed, sir!' said the widow, once more looking up at him. 'I have done my very best, paying a little and a little at a time, as you know I never stopped doing, only for two weeks that my biggest—that is my oldest boy, was making up time that was lost, when he was home sick, and so got no wages. But the seven shillings a week that they get between 'em, and my uncertain bit of needlework, gentlemen, can't stand for food, and clothes, and rent,—and a little soap to keep us decent, and a bit of firing to boil a drop of water—it can't do all that, gentlemen, without getting behindhand, when any making up time comes in the factory.'—'Well then, that's just the reason why you must come into the house,' replied Butchel; 'and, at any rate, you may depend upon getting no more money out of it.' And here Mr. Butchel began to move his heavy person towards the door. 'Stop a minute, Mr. Butchel, if you please sir,' ejaculated Sir Matthew's superin-

tendent. 'I should be sorry to let you go back to your employers under any delusion or mistake whatever, and the fact is, that this good woman, the widow Armstrong, is no more likely to go into the workhouse than you are yourself, Mr. Butchel; begging your pardon for naming such a thing.'—

This miserable farce, equalled only by the worst comedies of the quondam German-English school, is spread over many pages. We have indulged in the lengthy extract, because it defines more accurately than we could hope to do, Mrs. Trollope's notion of the Poor Law, and of dramatic effect, her conceptions of the theory of rent, and of the materials of the operative's mind. It gives, likewise, a general idea of the machinery of the poem (for, according to Fielding's canon, poem it is), and of the intellectual stock with which the authoress has set out on its composition. Sir Matthew having conceived his scheme with such wisdom, and trusted his secret with such subordinates, proceeds to put it in execution with every possible refinement of malignant cruelty and oppression, the most likely to defeat his own end: but that is his affair. Let us take an example, which has the further merit of illustrating the authoress's reasoning powers. The *dramatis personæ* are Sir Matthew, the Doctor, and Michael.

"Pray, young gentleman, may you happen to know the way to Brookford factory?" The boy looked out upon the wide-spreading park; and though, despite the carefully-chosen position of the mansion, many towering grim-looking chimney cones were seen to rise amidst their own lurid smoke in the distance (for in that direction lay the town of Ashleigh), he could catch no glimpse of the hated walls that for years past had formed his daily prison-house. He, therefore, answered, but not very audibly, 'No, sir, if you please.'—'Then be pleased to have the kindness to do me the favour of following my horse, and I will have the honour of showing you the way.' So saying, Sir Matthew gave a merry look of intelligence to his friend, and they set off together at a brisk trot. Michael, for a piecer, was a tall child for his age; and, though his limbs were wretchedly thin and attenuated, they had sufficient elasticity to enable him for some time to keep at no great distance, though it was a constantly increasing one, from the two gentlemen; but, by degrees, his breath and strength failed, and perforce his speed relaxed into a panting, shuffling, walk. Sir Matthew, who from time to time turned round a laughing face to look at him, now reined up his horse and awaited his approach; upon which Michael redoubled his efforts, and in a few minutes stood beside his benefactor. 'Step on, young gentleman; step a little quicker, if you please; or, perhaps, I may find a way to mend your pace: I am not very fond of such lazy company.' And, sitting his action to his words, he gave the quivering child several sharp cuts across the shoulders with his riding-whip. 'He trots out in style now, doesn't he, doctor?' said Sir Matthew gaily, making his well-bitted horse cross and recross the road in such a manner, that, at each manœuvre, the goaded child fancied himself already trampled beneath his feet. 'Don't you think I should make a good dancing-master, Crockley?' 'Capital, by Jove!—Egad, the youngster has learned some vastly pretty steps already. By the way, Sir Matthew,' continued the philosophical physician, 'when one watches that pale faced young scamp making such active caprioles for no reason on the earth, but because he hears your pretty gentle jennet snuffing at his shoulder,—when one watches that, it is impossible not to see that nothing in God's world but sheer wilful laziness makes those obstinate little brutes, at the factory, pretend to totter, and stumble, and faint, and the devil knows what; when all their work is to walk backwards and forwards as leisurely as if they were parading for pleasure. Nothing shall ever make me believe but that all the grunting and grumbling we hear about overworked children, proceeds from a regular conspiracy among the worst of the parents. And, upon my soul, if you yield to it, you'll soon have to look after the wheels yourself.'—'Get on with ye, to the lodge there, you lazy cur,' said the knight, addressing his panting protégé, 'and wait till we come up.' Then reining up his horse, Sir Mat-

threw drew close to his highly-valued intellectual companion, and falling into a gentle foot-pace, continued the scientific discussion with deep interest, and a wonderful clearness of perception. What you have mentioned now, is precisely what has occurred to me over and over again, a thousand times, I am sure, at the very least, since I have been working Brookford factory. For just watch, my dear Crockley, any little village vagabond that you may chance to see as you ride about the country—just watch him at play; and tell me where you'll find a grown man that can keep moving as he does? 'Nowhere, Sir Matthew, nowhere upon the face of the earth; and it stands to reason, in spite of all that the confounded canters can say to the contrary, that nature made them so on purpose. Why, what's steam?—Let them answer me that. Is steam man's making? Isn't it sent by Providence? And what for, I should like to know? Isn't it for the good of mankind? And how is that good to be had, if the nimbleness of children is not brought to bear upon it? It is neither more nor less than a most shocking impiety, Sir Matthew; and, upon my soul, if I were you I would build a meeting-house of my own, and hire a preacher too, at a pretty good salary, to preach against it. But no Church of England parson remember; because, if they don't preach the doctrine you like, you would have no power to turn 'em out.'"

Here, again, we ask, did ever "mortal compound of earth's mould" and cotton, attempt to impose on himself or others by such twaddle,—a twaddle that can only, one might think, be put in the speakers' mouths to humour the lowest capacities, for purposes of misrepresentation? Is Mrs. Trollope incapable of perceiving how worthless such matter is, as evidence of the evil working of the factory system, or as an estimate of the causes of that evil? Can she be ignorant of the consequences such statements must produce, when disseminated among an ignorant and excited population, to which her shilling numbers are but too accessible? Or is she writing in a careless indifference to the mischief she is doing, and the dangers she is provoking? But we must hasten to lay before our readers her notions on the Corn Laws, and the turn she wishes to give to the great controversy between the landed and manufacturing interests. Sir Matthew Dowling, having reaped the fruits of his own indiscretion, and having himself exposed the hollowness of his own charitable acts, is now desirous to get rid of the child, and proposes to sell him to a professional dealer in parish apprentices. The following dialogue thereupon, is, as usual, between the Doctor and his friend:

"I never mentioned to you, did I, the Deep Valley Mills, not far from Appledown Cross in Derbyshire?" "Never, Sir Matthew, as far as I can recollect," was the reply. "Well, then, I will tell you something about them now, that will make you perceive plainly enough what a capital good hit you have made in talking of apprenticeship for my young darling. Deep Valley Mill, Crockley, is the property of my excellent friend Elgood Sharpton. He is one of the men born to be the making of this country. A fine, manly, dauntless character, who would scorn to give up his notions before any act of parliament that ever was made. His idea is, Crockley,—that if we could get rid of our cursed Corn-laws, the whole of the British dominions would soon be turned into one noble collection of workshops. I wish you could hear him talk; upon my soul, it's the finest thing I know. He says that if his system is carried out into full action, as I trust it will be one of these days, all the grass left in England will be the parks and paddocks of the capitalists. Sharpton will prove to you as clearly as that two and two make four, that the best thing for the country would be to scour it from end to end of those confounded idle drones, the landed gentry. They must go sooner or later, he says, if the corn-laws are done away with. Then down goes the price of bread, and down goes the operative's wages; and what will stop us then, Doctor? Don't you see? Isn't it plain as the nose on your face, that when the agricultural interest is fairly

drummed out of the field, the day's our own? Who shall we have then spying after us to find out how many hours a day we choose to make our hands work? D'ye see, Crockley? If we choose to work the vitals out of them, who shall say we shan't? * * I promise you, Crockley, I give no bad proof of my confidence in your honour and friendship, by letting you into a few of our notions, for matters are by no means quite ripe for us to speak out as yet. Our policy is, you must know, to give out that it is the operatives who are clamouring for the repeal of the corn-laws, whereas many among them, saucy rogues, are as deep as their betters, and know perfectly well, and be hanged to 'em, that our only reason for trying to make 'down with the corn-laws,' the popular cry is, that we may whisper in their ears, 'down with the wages' afterwards. Ay, doctor, if we can but manage this, England will become the paradise of manufacturers!—the great workshop of the world! * * The fat Flemings must give up all hopes of ever getting their finical flax to vie with our cotton again!—Crockley, but here Sir Matthew paused for a moment, as if half doubtful whether he should go on. The confidential impulse within him, however, worked so strongly in favour of the friendly smiling physician, that all reserve gave way, and winking his eye at him with a truly comic expression, he proceeded.—'Crockley, they don't understand spinning in Flanders: they don't know yet how many baby sinews must be dragged, and drawn out, to mix as it were with the thread, before the work can be made to answer.'"

After reading this extract, we are tempted to ask ourselves and our readers, whether we have not arrived at the key of the whole publication. But we shall leave the book to speak for itself, and forbear the imputation of motives, however strong the apparent grounds of inference. This, however, we cannot but remark, that whatever may be Mrs. Trollope's motives, or who was her instigator, had she been paid out of the National Charter fund for writing the volume, she could not more ably have reflected the nonsense and prejudice of the much abused and misguided people who have subscribed to it, or more powerfully forwarded their views. But if the text be bad, still worse are the plates which illustrate it. What, for instance, must be the effect of the first in No. VI., on the heated imaginations of our great manufacturing towns, figuring as they do in every bookseller's window? With respect, indeed, to the scene represented in that plate, and the whole statement concerning the Deep Valley establishment, she claims for them that they are facts founded on credible authority; and we cannot so far doubt her word, as to insinuate that she does not herself believe them true. Under that belief, we can make large allowance for any violence of re-action which a woman's sympathies may have inspired: still we would press it earnestly, but soberly, and with no personal ill-will to Mrs. Trollope, upon her better judgment, to pause and satisfy herself that such cruelties are possible under the present state of the law, before she proceeds further in setting fire to the four quarters of the kingdom, in order to abate the nuisance. Nay, we would ask her to reflect, and consider whether, if such abuses really abound, the instrument she employs is a fit engine for procuring redress. Deep Valley, if such a hell there be, must be an individual solitary instance of the intensity of ill she has delineated. That the apprentice system is chargeable with evils enough, is true; and so too is every other form and consequence of poverty; and it is a duty and a divine command to war against poverty in all its forms and consequences. But it does strike us with astonishment to behold a lady, a professed admirer of aristocracy in all its excesses, setting about the work of charity, on principles and by means peculiar to the wildest sectarians of fanatical licentiousness. Personally, we know not Mrs. Trollope, but, in honour of her sex, we give her credit for an honest belief

in the creed she preaches; and, in that credit, wonder that she should so mistake.

There is a tendency, perhaps, in civilization itself to the concentration of wealth, and by heaping it in a few large masses, to beget a wide waste of counterpoising and extreme poverty. This tendency we believe to have been favoured in our country by unequal laws which clothed wealth with unnecessary privilege. The abuses of privilege creating some portion at least of the evil, we think that portion would be relieved by the abolition of the cause. But the mass of existing miseries incidental to our manufacturing system are derived from other sources. Steam power burst upon us suddenly, in the midst of a long and exhausting war; the expenses of that war absorbed an enormous portion of the wealth thus created, and disturbed the natural action and re-action of cause and effect in healthfully distributing the advantages which a new agent had gained. Public attention, too, was called away from the subject, and manufacturing populations were collected, and manufacturing towns built, without sufficient regard to the comforts the education, the morals, or the health of the poor. Such dense accumulations of paupers require far other laws, far other police, far other charity, and far other justice than suffice for the decencies of thinner and simpler populations. All this neglect and oversight must be atoned for by great national efforts to repair the mischief they have produced, and that very speedily, or worse will follow. This is no task for manufacturers, nor can they bear the weight of its expenses. Trade itself must first be emancipated from the thralldom under which it groans; the Corn laws, whatever Mrs. Trollope may think, must be abolished, the circulation of money must be better provided for, and many other measures, both political and economic, be passed, before we can justly call on manufacturers to redeem the degradation of their overstocked operatives (to provide wages *ad libitum* is not and never will be in their power), or vituperate them for an illiberal or even cruel demand on the hours of their workmen. There was a time, indeed, when the calling attention to factory abuses was so meritorious, when the necessity for redress was so urgent, that almost any means for awakening the public conscience might have been justifiable. But we pray Mrs. Trollope to reflect that this contingency has passed away. A cry, a fanatical cry has been raised on the subject; the evil is in the hands of the legislature, and fully before the public; and for all purposes of practical good, the 'Factory Boy' has come too late. While we write, the manufacturer is the party more sinned against than sinning; and we implore this lady to remember that the most probable immediate effect of her penning and her pencillings will be the burning of factories, with sacred months, and the plunder of property of all kinds: while the remote effects of the success of her ill-conceived political economy, would be the driving of manufacture out of the kingdom, and consequently the misery of four millions of people, with that of all the victims of their agonizing re-action,—in a word, civil war, bankruptcy, and national destruction. Such success, however, we do not fear; we do not think the English nation utterly degraded, nor its governors and legislators quite mad.

Bogotá in 1836-7; being a Narrative of an Expedition to the capital of New Grenada, and a Residence there of Eleven Months. By J. Steuart. Wiley & Putnam.

Mr. Steuart is not one of the many hundreds whom the epidemic love of travelling, so distinctive of this nineteenth century, has sent forth to observe and "to pencil." He was attracted to the capital of New Grenada by

commercial views, and has published his narrative as a guide to regions comparatively dim and unexplored. He has not, however, viewed everything merely with a matter-of-fact commercial eye; his descriptions are sprightly and liberally coloured, and we shall come to them at once, and without further preamble.

Mr. Steuart embarked at New York, at the head of a party of nine men and women, on the 19th of November 1835; and on the 13th of the following month, they reached Santa Marta, a waste and desolate city, its houses blackened by the sun's rays, and cracked by earthquakes, with a very mongrel population (scarcely a sixteenth being of pure white blood), and its trade sunk to a mere nothing, owing to the superior advantages of Cartagena. The town, however, is said to be healthy. Delays, hindrances, and mortifications in the transactions of all business might naturally be expected in such a place; and accordingly we find Mr. Steuart fretted and worn out ere he had discharged that part of his cargo which, with himself and the members of his factory, he purposed transporting by river to Bogotá. But the exercise of his patience was but begun:—

"I have said that we embarked in a small bonga for Barranquilla; this name belongs to a boat of some forty feet in length, and seven in width. It is the most awkward attempt at naval architecture conceivable; being a keelboat, with square stern, but tottles terribly in the water. It is decked, having a small cabin aft, and carries an awkward sort of sail. It can also be poled along like a champán, and, on this account, the sides above the deck are not more than one foot high. As one of these was the very best conveyance to be had, we huddled into it as well as we could; but I never will forget the looks of horror cast upon it by the four poor women when they first saw this miserable vessel; and I had no little trouble in reconciling them to it. The provisions and most of the baggage were stowed away in the hold; the cabin looked so dirty that none descended into it, but crowded round the hatchway, while the four black wretches termed bogas (river-labourers) hoisted their strip of black canvas, and we started off, like a Dutch yawl, keel upmost. * * Not having room sufficient to put up our cots, we all slept on board of this wretched boat as we best could; some in the hold, where they encountered the usual tenants of these craft, lizards, cockroaches, fleas, ants, moschetoes, &c.; others lay down on the deck upon mattresses, which, in this fine climate, is by far the best plan. These boats are usually smoked before being used; but, as we were in a hurry to leave, so as, if possible, to get away from Barranquilla before the great Christmas holidays should commence, it had been omitted. At daylight next morning, there being no wind, the bogas poled the boat along. This pole is a straight stick, of considerable thickness, with a short croch driven into one end, in order to keep it from sinking too far in the sand and mud; and the other end is applied to the breast."

These bogas, whom Mr. Steuart never lets pass without a word of abuse, do indeed seem to be the most brutalized and lazy set of "helps" that ever industrious factor was tormented with. Whenever any portion of their hire was paid them, or any advance made according to agreement, it was their usage to go on shore, and refuse to stir thence till their money was all spent in riotous living. But the scenery to be sailed through is enchanting—the Cienaga, or Salt Lake, is remarkable for the riches of vegetation on its banks; in some places, the party had to force the boat through a mat of water-lilies, "whose close-twisted and enduring roots formed a dense resistance;" while the trees on the shores were actually alive with red monkeys and iguanas. Passing this and a subsequent chain of lakes, which connect Santa Marta and the Rio Magdalena, a distance of twenty-five leagues,—Mr. Steuart experienced, in its fullest bitterness, the moscheto plague; and after such

a voyage, a rest at Barranquilla, before embarking on the Magdalena, must have been salutary, however annoying. A very few pages suffice for Barranquilla: one of these shows us a trait or two of manners:—

"On Christmas eve (says Mr. Steuart) I was invited to an entertainment given by St. Trespalacios (three palaces) at his fine mansion, the only one of two stories in the town. In the early part of the evening, we went to witness the services in the church; amusing enough, to be sure; small yellow tallow candles ornamented every corner and crevice of the barnlike building. An immense concourse of half-naked boys were seated on the earthen floor, making all sorts of uncouth sounds with small drums, penny whistles, cow-horns, &c., in order to imitate the rejoicings of the shepherds at the birth of Christ, while the squeaking of two or three fiddles, and the nasal twang of the choir, was altogether too much for our risible faculties to withstand. At ten o'clock, dancing commenced in a building separate from that of Trespalacios, and then we adjourned to church again, and remained until twelve; after that, to the supper-room, where a company of about thirty couples sat down to a most excellent bill of fare, everything being well served up. The wines, however, were execrable. The claret, Madeira, port, all were a bungling imitation; not a smack of genuine originality in them! The curé did the honours of the table, a fine fat, jolly fellow, the very picture of a Friar Tuck, and never at a loss for a dash at wit or repartee. One of the toasts given by him was, 'Health to the sick, and good digestion to the healthy.' Some of the dark beauties present were from the neighbouring village of Solidad; of these, if you except a small pretty foot and sparkling eye, all were very commonplace looking indeed, there being but two white faces in the whole assemblage! * * Three o'clock in the morning found all the party merry enough, nor were any allowed to depart for an hour later. One of the refined amusements of the evening was for persons to go about daubing over some one's unoccupied chair with grease or mulled wine, and then laughing heartily when they proved successful in re-seating the former occupant. Ladies and all joined in this rare sport!! This party, I found, was not given at the sole expense of one individual; but was a regular 'out and out' picnic. Señor Trespalacios gave his rooms and servants; another sent a dozen of wine; a third poultry; and thus every guest present, excepting strangers, had each contributed a share. On these occasions, a certain number of major-domos are appointed, whose duty it is to attend to the contributions, and to take care that all glasses, crockery, &c., be returned to their proper owners. But this latter charge seldom happens to be fulfilled to the letter in a country where almost every servant is a born thief; and great outcries are frequently made for articles not forthcoming at the close of such feasts."

By the 2nd of January, the travellers were ready for their further water voyage, for which, it appears, they had chosen the most healthy season. The party was divided into two bogas; but met at the close of its first day's voyage, with a melancholy diminution, by the death of one of the young women, who fell overboard, and was lost in a "remolino" (whirlpool), beyond the possibility of retrieval. This, however, was the only fatal accident of a harassing and uncomfortable voyage. Let us now look around us, for a few of the most notable features of the Rio Magdalena. One of these, is the number of small villages which the traveller passes in ascending the river:—

"The number of houses, or rather huts, of dried clay and thatch, having but one door and window in front, vary from ten to eighty; they generally face the river, some of the larger ones having streets running back. Of course, in this class of villages I do not include Morales, Banco, and Barranca, which are larger and of some little trade; but even Naré, the great river port for Antiochia, is yet a most wretched little village. The greater number of these small places have a church, built and thatched in like manner with the houses, the gable end always facing the river. The people subsist by fishing, raising

plantains to sell to the boats, or by keeping small shops, from which they serve out coarse dry-goods, aguardiente, boyas, &c., to the bogas. Notwithstanding all this, there is great apparent difference between these villages as regards their individual cleanliness and the condition of their inhabitants; but all are equally dull and uninteresting.—Mompox is the only place on the river where anything like the bustle of active human life and industry is to be found. Generally you find the residents sleeping in their huts, orolling under the shade of some huge tree on the river's brink; too lazy even to return an answer to a simple question. We have frequently known them evade the trouble of selling us some article we wished to purchase merely for the sake of not being disturbed; when, at the same time, the miserable creatures had not one single cuartillo in their possession.—Land is to be had for almost nothing; and all that is requisite is to stick into the earth a few sprouts of plantain, to work a little for the first two years, to supply present wants until the fruit is ready; or else to live upon the fine fish which are caught by means of the common hand-net: each individual builds his own house, makes his own tables, and sleeps upon the floor or a straw mat. Should the luxury of a light be required, it is only necessary to spear a sleeping alligator to procure an excellent oil; as for clothes, the fashion of that section of the country does not exact much; half a yard of unbleached cotton will supply all that is requisite for a whole year. Many of the negresses and squaws, however, go in camisons (gowns) of printed goods; and the small farmers between these villages are often found dressed in shirts and loose trousers of white cotton, and even linen. The bogas, in general, receive good wages for their trips up and down the river, and it is upon them that the lazy villagers depend, fleeing them whenever they have an opportunity. * * We generally stopped once a day to get wood for culinary purposes; and it was amusing to see the manner in which the bogas went about chopping it, taking a full half hour to procure a sufficiency for a single meal, and using for that purpose their machetes or knives, a sort of bungling attempt at a sword.—The greater part of the woods on this river and throughout the country consists of trees extremely heavy, full of sap, and quite unfit for burning."

At Mompox, "the head-quarters of the bogas for fun and frolic," the party halted for three days. This is a far more cleanly, far less decayed town, than Santa Marta; the population is better clad, and cheerful, to the point of even regarding with complacency the deformity of the goitre, to which the inhabitants are liable. But the *poco curante* spirit seems to belong to these districts:—

"On the very day we left Mompox they had a serious fire, caused by the wind's blowing some hot embers out of a small furnace, which set fire to one of those little cane sheds that are almost always in the rear of every house. As the only means they had of extinguishing the flame was by pouring large earthen jars of water upon them, the fire spread over a great extent in an instant, and was only arrested by arriving at a large vacant enclosure. To see them running with these huge jars of water, and dashing them, jars and all, into the flames, strikes one as certainly a most novel and primitive mode of putting a stop to a conflagration. * *"

"The women have a very simple way of making their toilet on the Magdalena: they bring to the river side a change of clean garments, and large calabashes for dipping up the water; after loosening the dress round the neck, they commence pouring over their heads calabash after calabash full of water, remaining all the time in a sitting posture. Which ceremony being completed, they comb and braid their hair, dress, and retire."

Mr. Steuart's Journal is full of complaints against the insolence and indolence of the bogas. His travelling companions give him less trouble, save some natural fears of the alligators on the part of the women. They were visited by one tremendous storm of rain on the 1st of February, and were placed in some peril on the 8th of the same month, while passing the rapids of the Angostura,—

"The current of which, for about three-quarters of a mile, runs from ten to twelve knots an hour, the Magdalena in this place narrowing to three hundred and fifty or four hundred yards in width, with bold, rocky shores, well wooded. There are several protruding rocky angles, which form remolinos more or less dangerous; but the one most to be dreaded is just at the entrance of the Angostura, in going up. Here stands a solitary house on a hill, where the bogas stopped the boats and took strong lines ashore, dragging, with much trouble, the boats around this point. 'Ca-o á los Ingleses,' vociferated the crew, as they experienced the difficulty of this undertaking; 'quitan las cabuyas que se vayan al demonio' (d—n the English; let go the ropes, and let them go to the devil!) At hearing this ebullition of friendly feeling on their part, I had merely to point very significantly to a double-barrelled piece then in my hands; and it is astonishing what faith these fellows have in the aim of an 'estrangero' (foreigner)."

On the 16th, the boats made the bodegas of Madre de Dios: from this point to Bogotá, the journey was to be accomplished by land. We have dwelt somewhat disproportionately on this river voyage, as conveying an idea of the nature and facilities of transport in that little-known district.

The land journey, taken on mule-back, which occupied about ten days, was far more prosperous and exciting than the slower ascent of the Rio Magdalena—the route between Honda and Bogotá comprising some magnificent scenery:—

"On the 21st (says Mr. Stuart), we commenced the steep and fatiguing ascent of the 'Sajento' mountain, which has an elevation of 3,800 feet above the sea. The labour of the poor mules, under a sun about 88° in the shade, was dreadful. In some of the steepest parts, many of us dismounted and drove the animals on before. When about midway, the path winds zigzag up the hill-side, and in many parts the mules had to make a leap of about three feet and a half in order to land on the next little platform formed out of the rock, and there stopped a moment to breathe previous to making another leap. In order to attend to the baggage, I kept in the rear of the party, and, in looking upwards, could perceive the front man in our ranks at least three hundred feet above me, in an almost perpendicular direction, while the total unguardedness of the way, which had neither fence nor protection of any kind, and while the steps of the mules were actually within one half foot of the brink of a precipice which it was fearful to look down upon, impressed me most deeply with a sense of our novel and exciting situation. But now let me speak of the summit itself of this noble mountain. Not one of us, I think, will ever forget the feelings of awe, delight, and wonder which we experienced as we suddenly stopped our mules and gazed around. For leagues the eye wandered over a close and constant succession of large and small conical-shaped hills, whose sides presented an aspect similar to that of the ploughed sea in a storm, and were clothed with wood and verdure to their very summits. The Magdalena, which now appeared like a small, golden-coloured stream, sparkling in the sunshine before us, still pursued the same tortuous track as heretofore. Little spots of waving sugar-cane, or Indian maize, were scattered here and there on every hand, adorning the sunny sides of these myriad mountains, while the small dotted huts of the owners seemed to hang out in bold relief, like so many swallow's nests under the sheltering eaves. In the middle of many of these corn-fields we observed small raised platforms, upon which were mounted little Indian children, shouting at the very top of their lungs, in order to frighten away the flocks of greedy paroquets, which often devour whole fields of maize in an incredibly short time."

At the quiet village of Guadras, they were hospitably entertained by the well-known Colonel Acosta, the patriarch of the district, "and this in more senses than one." But we cannot linger among the comforts of this resting-place, having already tarried so long on the

way to Bogotá, that little space is left us for that city itself, and the adventures which marked Mr. Stuart's residence there. From this point forward, the form of personal narrative is, in a great measure, laid aside, and the work, though not less useful, becomes, in some degree, less amusing. The city is first minutely described, with its "lions"—the Palace, and the Cathedral, and the Church of San Francisco, which are "no such great things after all"—then its manufactures; Mr. Stuart making out a notable list of "things wanted," by the supply whereof any enterprising capitalist could hardly fail to put money in his purse. Another chapter is devoted to the institutions and morals of the place; the latter, though improved, it is said, within the last twenty years, still hang loosely enough about its inhabitants. The Bogotans, according to Mr. Stuart, are born thieves: the purchaser is robbed in the shop, the shopman is robbed by the purchaser, the master is robbed by his domestic. A pair of anecdotes may be extracted, illustrating the relations between the employer and the person employed:—

"I had, upon my first arrival in Bogotá, made an agreement with two natives that they should lay down the esteras, or home-manufactured straw-mats, at about half what they at first asked me. Upon paying the money into the hands of him who seemed to be chief in the matter, he pronounced the amount correct, after the reals were by myself twice told over in the presence of two witnesses, when I turned away into another room. In a short time, the rascal came running after me, vociferating, that there were two reals wanting, and that, consequently, he would lose the one, and his companion the other. The fellow looked guilty, and I comprehended at a glance that his purpose was to cheat his miserable partner out of the paltry real. I seized him at once by the neck, and forced him to confess that the two reals in question were in the toe of his sandals, whence he drew them forth *instantly*."

"No one can possibly conceive the extreme vexation caused by such a state of things, especially as it prevails universally among the peones. I never before knew a people in whom kind treatment and liberal wages did not in some way form an attachment to the interests and welfare of their employers, save these! My worthy landlord, the Señor Antonio Manriquez, upon visiting me shortly after being settled in the house, actually held up his hands in utter amazement when he saw the keys of some of the doors left in their places. 'But,' said I, 'señor, all are not surely the same? I treat them well, and pay good wages.' The señor's short and comprehensive reply I have had too strong reasons for crediting ever since. 'Señor,' said he, 'esa gente son los mayores picarones del mundo, y sin remedio' (these people are the greatest rascals in the whole world, and there is no help for it)."

Mr. Stuart remarks, that the national costume of ruana and mantilla is peculiarly, if not purposely, adapted to the indulgence of this national propensity. Further, the Bogotans, like certain of their northern brethren, have the peremptory habit of taking the law into their own hands, on certain occasions: a "bochincha" or riot among them, must be a formidable affair, according to Mr. Stuart's description. Mr. Stuart narrates an attack made upon the farm of Mr. Haldane, at Guadras, unprovoked and savage enough in its circumstances to have figured in one of Cooper's novels, which was only parried by a remarkable display of personal bravery on the part of the besieged. In conclusion, the whole picture of discomfort, demoralization, ignorance, and want of security, is sufficiently forbidding; and we find little to tempt even the most enterprising and resolute lover of money to mend his fortune by becoming a factor at Bogotá.

PENITENTIARY SYSTEMS.

De la Mortalité et de la Folie dans le Régime Penitentiaire. Par M. Moreau Christophe, Bulletin de l'Académie Royal de Médecine. London & Paris, Baillière.

Thoughts on Jeremy Bentham. By a Member of the Manchester Athenæum. Simpkin & Marshall.

The Claims of Christian Philanthropy. By R. Whytehead, R.A. Simpkin & Marshall.

Quetelet on Probabilities. Translated by R. Beamish, Esq., F.R.S. London, Weale.

THE question how far criminals are capable of being reformed, by a judicious system of prison discipline, has long engaged the attention of moralists and statesmen, and various experiments have been tried in England, Belgium, France, and America. But in the course of these experiments a doubt was started, that some at least of these experimental systems produced a frightful increase in insanity and mortality. On this portion of the more general question, M. Moreau Christophe, the Inspector-general of Prisons in France, whose former work we noticed some time since (No. 557), has presented a report to the Royal Academy of Medicine.

The first improvement made in the French system of prison discipline, after the restoration of peace in 1815, was the erection of central gaols for persons condemned to more than one year's imprisonment. The prisoners were well fed, clothed, and lodged; large workshops were provided, in which they were kept constantly employed, and court-yards were opened to them for exercise and recreation. The most rigid silence was enforced in the workshops and dormitories, and a strict superintendence maintained over the intercourse of the prisoners during the time allowed for recreation. Notwithstanding all these precautions, M. Christophe states, that the system signally failed:

Corruption was still propagated; a prisoner is the most cunning, the most inventive, the most hypocritical, the most adroit, and the most obstinate of men. A gesture, a sign, a look, the slightest noise is sufficient for him to transmit his thoughts and his depravity. By aid of this system of mutual communication, which, though dumb, was sufficiently intelligible, lessons in crime were propagated, plots formed, and the sad association against public morals and social order perpetuated.

America pursued a different system; at Auburn the prisoners were isolated, day and night, without employment, for the purpose of compelling them to reflection and self-examination. The evils of this system soon became apparent; idiocy and insanity prevailed in a frightful degree; and none but those of the strongest and best stored minds preserved their integrity. M. Castel has said—

There cannot be a doubt, that isolation is likely to produce insanity; the proof requires neither figures nor tables; physiology is quite sufficient. What is more likely to produce fixed ideas than uniformity of impressions, and what more probable to render impressions uniform than isolation and silence?

The remedy for this evil was to give the prisoner employment. Separate and solitary confinement was combined with work at Cherry-hill, in Pennsylvania, and the results were sufficiently favourable to induce other countries to adopt the same system with modifications. But Drs. Coindet and Gosse, of Geneva, terrified by some of the results produced by the solitary and silent system in the prisons of Geneva, have protested against its continuance, even when combined with labour and employment.

M. Moreau Christophe dissents from their conclusions. Passing over his denunciation of the spurious humanity, which would render prisons anything rather than places of punishment, there is one preliminary consideration which has received less attention than it merits.

It is certain that the intellectual condition of criminals predisposes them to insanity, and that the constant of a prison stimulates this tendency. It is also certain, that persons of disordered intellects have been sent to prison, so difficult is it in many cases to distinguish between criminal actions, and those resulting from the aberration of reason.

There can be no doubt that many crimes may be traced to an incipient tendency to insanity, and that the physical organization shares the blame with the moral sense. Parent Duchatelet found a tendency to insanity in most of the cases of very gross depravity which he examined; and the same remark has been made by the visiting physician of the Philadelphia penitentiary.

Without entering further into this investigation, we may remark that the proportion of insane in any prison, whatever system of discipline may be adopted, is likely to be greater than elsewhere. Let us now examine the facts.

Out of 312 prisoners in the penitentiary of Philadelphia, from 1829 to 1836, there were sixteen who exhibited symptoms of insanity. But ten of these had suffered from attacks of mania before they entered the prison, and four were believed to have been similarly affected. Of these four, one was quite cured, and the other three were so far restored as only to be subject to temporary fits.

The average mortality in this prison is not given, but at Auburn, where nearly a similar system is pursued, the average, according to Messrs. Beaumont and De Tocqueville, is one death in 55.96, which is more favourable than in any large city, for in London the rate of mortality is one in 46, and in Paris one in 31.4. But before deducing any conclusion from the rate of mortality, we must bear in mind that the maximum of crime, according to Quetelet's tables, ranges between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five, consequently there are few, if any, children or old men in the prison, and these are the classes which most swell the bills of mortality.

There has been only one recorded instance of insanity in the penitentiary of Auburn since labour was introduced, a period of nineteen years. This clearly must be attributed to defective registration, for it is incredible that in a country where mental aberration is so frequently produced by the use of intoxicating liquors, one case only should have occurred during such a space of time.

Cherry Hill and Auburn under the improved system do not support the statements urged against solitude and silence. Let us now examine the statistics of the Genevese penitentiary, on which M. Coindet relies for the overthrow of the solitary system. On the question of insanity he gives two statements, not very consistent with each other:—

Out of 329 prisoners in the penitentiary, from October 1825, to December 1837, there were fifteen insane, or 4.55 per cent. The average of insane in the free population of Geneva, 1.86 per thousand! The average throughout the canton, 2.24 per thousand!

This would make the proportion of insane in the prison twenty-four times greater than in the city, and twenty times greater than in the canton. But this seemed, even to M. Coindet, a very exaggerated view of the case, and he accordingly enters into another calculation, which gives less unfavourable results:—

The mortality of the canton of Geneva, from the year 1834 to 1837, omitting children under nine years of age, was 1,924, and the number of insane observed among these was eighteen, that is, one in 107. Thus, taking the most favourable view, the average of insane among the prisoners is five times greater than among the general population.

The conclusion is irresistible, if the data be correct; but, on M. Coindet's own showing, the statistics of insanity in Geneva are unworthy of confidence, for his average of insane taken from

the dead is four times greater than his average taken from the living. Neither does the accusation against the solitary system, on the ground of mortality, appear to rest upon a more solid foundation. M. Coindet says, "The average, previous to 1834, was 7.19 per cent., but since that year, when the new system was introduced, the average has risen to 10.18 per cent." But, we all know how easy it is to feign sickness—to produce symptoms of disease artificially; and the character and complaisance of the physician, his approbation or disapprobation of the new system, are elements that should be taken into account in estimating the value of these returns. Obviously a large reduction must be made on account of the fact that the patients in the infirmary are not kept separate like the prisoners in a penitentiary, and consequently that the temptation to feign sickness has been greatly increased since the solitary system was adopted.

The number of deaths in the penitentiary is 1 in 42, in the general population 1 in 46,—a very trifling difference. M. Coindet, however, asserts that the mortality of the prison has risen, during the three years ending January 1837, to 1 in 30; but, during this period, the cholera was raging in Geneva. At Philadelphia, the mortality of the penitentiary, though 1 in 33, is less than the average mortality of the city. At Auburn the rate of mortality is only 1 in 56, which is far more favourable than the average for any city with which we are acquainted. In this inquiry we have had more than once to notice imperfect data brought forward to support a doubtful argument. This is a species of statistical quackery which is rapidly on the increase, and we have, therefore, gladly seen an antidote provided by the publication of Quetelet's valuable work on Probabilities,—which is, in fact, a manual of statistical logic.

Of the other works named at the head of this article, little need be said: the 'Thoughts on Bentham' are designed to show that his theory of morals fails to explain the greatest difficulties in criminal jurisprudence. 'The Claims of Christian Philanthropy' are advocated in a prize essay, published for the benefit of the Philanthropic Society. The author's judgment is not equal to his zeal: he advocates the establishment of an ascetic system, and the revival of religious disabilities, as the proper remedies for our social evils. This would be to turn the whole country into a penitentiary, without the advantages of the silent system; for the author is one of those who would "preachee and floggee too."

Memoirs of the Life and Labours of Robert Morrison, D.D. &c. Compiled by his Widow, &c. 2 vols. Longman & Co.

We opened this work with more than usual eagerness, for it appeared to us that a memoir of "the Life and Labours" of one enlightened as well as pious, must contain many of those traits of personal character which make biography always interesting,—to say nothing of frequent and valuable glimpses of the strange people among whom Dr. Morrison spent his life. But the proverb, "Let not him that putteth on his armour boast like him that putteth it off,"—alas! too often applicable to critics—is peculiarly apposite on the present occasion. There has been no want of love and appreciation of the deceased on the part of the memorialist,—no want of assiduity and care in collecting materials,—but the latter prove to be singularly barren of general interest, and the whole book, by its heaviness and prolixity, has sadly disappointed us.

Dr. Morrison adds another name to the brilliant list of those to whom talent and resolution supply the fabled advantages of birth. His father was a last and boot-tree maker in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Robert, the youngest of

the sons, was early instructed in the same trade. At that early period he was distinguished for his singularly retentive memory—a linguist's best possession. In the year 1797 or 1798, when about fifteen years of age, his views first took that direction which subsequently, in the year 1802, led him to present himself to the Committee of the Hoxton Academy as a candidate for admission to a ministerial education. We detect, moreover, among the early records of his spiritual progress, those constant promptings towards missionary enterprise, in which we have often thought that love of adventure and poetical enthusiasm find vent, among those in whom by conscientious scruples they are debarred from other outlets. While at Hoxton, Morrison was as ardent in his studies as in his devotional exercises: an academy-mate writes of him as "labouring literally night and day" at the classics and Hebrew. In the year 1803 he began to preach, and in the following spring offered himself to the Missionary Society, in a letter at once simple, frank, and enthusiastic. So satisfactory was his first examination before the Committee, that a second was dispensed with: Morrison was at once removed to the Gosport Academy, and very shortly received the intimation that China was to be the field of his future labours. If we may presume that the Committee had any adequate sense of the peculiar discretion required by all English residents in China, this appointment must be considered as a high testimony to his prudence, yet more than to his energy. At all events, it was fully justified by the result. No want of zeal, of untiring patience, was observable throughout the whole of his career; his sincerity was liberally evidenced by the devotion of a large share of the emoluments he subsequently derived from the Company to the business of his life as a missionary; but his wisdom appears to have been so "peaceable" as well as "holy," as to have given him a secular rank of high importance and authority,—witness his official appointments, and the friendship of the distinguished correspondents whose names figure in the second volume. It is needless to point out the value of the example. The records of Dr. Morrison's earlier career as a student offer little for extract, beyond the following trait:—

"He was employed (1805) in studying the Chinese language with Yong-Sam-Tak, a native of some education, who will be often mentioned in his journals and letters. He was introduced to this young foreigner through the influence of Dr. Mosely, of Clapham; from him he obtained his first insight into the Chinese language; and in him he found a specimen of that proud and domineering temper for which his nation is so proverbial. On one occasion Mr. M. threw a piece of paper into the fire on which his teacher had written some characters after having committed them to memory; but such was Sam's indignation, that for three days after he refused to give a lesson to his pupil, who, to avoid a similar offence, wrote the characters on a plate of tin, from which he could efface them, when done with."

At the opening of the year 1807 he was formally ordained to the missionary service, and on the 31st of January embarked for the scene of his labours, which he never again quitted, save once, for a brief visit to England.

We have already adverted to the disappointing barrenness of the details of Dr. Morrison's residence in China. To advert to his labours in mastering the difficult language of the country, which led to his appointment under the East India Company, and as interpreter to the embassies of Lord Amherst and Napier,—and the fruit of which was his Dictionary and his translations of the Scriptures,—would be to recapitulate facts with which every English, French, and German scholar is familiar. But it is strange that though he mixed as intimately with the natives as was possible, (every step towards their

enlightenment having to be won with infinite patience and caution,)—for a time, even, deeming it expedient to wear their dress,—his journals and correspondence record few notices of the manners, customs, and anecdotes of daily life, which must have presented themselves to him in abundance. We can find nothing more striking than, and very little of a nature similar to the following fragments:—

"A fire happened a few days ago in an adjoining street. The Chinese attribute it to an evil spirit; and, to conciliate him, they have erected, in a public place, a long pole adorned with lanterns; the priests have visited it for several mornings with music, and have bowed towards it. A play is appointed, with the hope of appeasing the evil spirit."

"On the island of Honan, which is opposite to the European factories, the tea tree is found; but it is not larger than a very small gooseberry-bush. The building of the ancient T'a, or pagoda, about half-way between Whampoa and Canton, called by the Europeans 'the half-way pagoda,' is 200 feet high, and the walls five or six feet thick. On the side, from the top, hangs a chain a short way down. Within are niches for the reception of idols: in the lower niches are also placed a few. The structure, at a distance, has an appearance similar to that of the Monument near London Bridge. In several temples into which I went, were papers pasted up soliciting of the gods a supply of rain, which is at present greatly needed. The Chinese, amongst other methods, when inquiring their fate in the temples, have in a box a few slips of bamboo numbered. While on their knees they shake the box, holding it with both hands, till a single slip falls out; in the temple is a paper with replies corresponding to the number of the slips, which answer, whether felicitous or otherwise, is supposed to be the will of the god."

"My people discoursed this evening about the paper which the Chinese burn with gold and silver leaf on it. The paper, they say, is to represent raiment, and the gold and silver leaf money; all which, when sent up in flame, are caught by the surrounding spirits. I asked if they thought the spirits had need of clothes, or were delighted by the offering. The reply was that they did not know. They laughed at it, but said it was the prevailing custom, and therefore observed; magistrates, and the Emperor himself, attended to it, and they could not be singular. This reasoning the Chinese said was not good, but the usage was not properly theirs; it was introduced by sorcerers. Confucius did not inculcate it. The observances were introduced by Hoshang (Buddha Priests), against whom they entered into a long declamation, and inveighed against their sloth, ignorance, and uselessness."

Even the letter to Mr. Burder, which, if we mistake not, has appeared elsewhere, describing Lord Amherst's embassy, is but the skeleton of a journal.

As we advance, we find that every year's increased reputation was kept pace with, by additional exertion on Dr. Morrison's part. Measures were attempted by him for the spiritual as well as the temporal wants of the poor Chinese; correspondences opened with the learned men of all countries, as well as the religious society at home, of which he was such a distinguished member. He was twice married; the second time in the year 1824, during his one visit to Europe; and his journals and letters show him, though engrossed by one main object, an amiable man in his domestic relations. He died on Friday, the 1st of August, 1834, leaving behind him the work of his life well completed, and a name always to be mentioned with respect, so long as learning, and piety, and self-sacrifice, shall meet with recognition.

ANTHOLOGY FOR 1839.

The summer weather seems to have awakened all the children of music; and there is a singing on every side,

—"I'th' air, on the earth."

The divine afflatus, however, which of old broke out in such passionate music-sighs, is now so distri-

buted and diluted that its breathings are too faint to reach the heart. Poetry is dispensed in infinitesimal doses: and as the homeopaths assert that the same substances, when taken in their intensity generate disease, will cure it when administered in minute portions, there is reason to suppose that the most rabid rage for poetry which the dispensations of the great masters ever engendered is likely to be effectually cured by the millesimal doses with which the public are treated in this latter time. Of all the forms of effort, intellectual or corporeal, poetry seems to be the only one which is held to be no mystery, and considered to need no cultivation. The Muse, who sat of old in the temple, and gave her oracles from its high place, is required, now-a-days, to hold a fair; and there is a sound of small trumpets on every side, in lieu of the rich bugle-tones which were wont to announce the presence of the deity. From all this our readers will understand that the Anthology for 1839 is more crowded than select, and will not expect from us better materials than we have to give.

Of the poetical volumes on our table a majority are from hands which have had the courage to touch the harp of David; though, with the exception of the first, we are unable to assign to any of them even such qualified praise as might justify the attempt. 'Sacred Poems,' by the late Right Hon. Sir Robert Grant, is a republication by Lord Glenelg of a few pieces, most of which have already appeared in periodical publications or in collections of sacred poetry, and are popular for their easy versification and graceful expression. A few are here published for the first time. One specimen we will afford to our readers, and it is the only extract which we can make from the religious portion of the volumes now lying before us:—

How deep the joy, Almighty Lord,
Thy altars to the heart afford!
With envying eyes I see
The swallow fly to nestle there,
And find within the house of prayer
A bliss denied to me!

Compelled by day to roam for food
Where scorching suns or tempests rude
Their angry influence fling,
O, gladly in that sheltered nest
She smooths, at eve, her ruffled breast,
And folds her weary wing.

Thrice happy wanderer! fain would I,
Like thee, from ruder climates fly,
That seat of rest to share;
Opprest with tumult, sick with wrongs,
How oft my fainting spirit longs
To lay its sorrows there!

Oh! ever on that holy ground
The covering cherub Peace is found,
With brooding wings serene;
And Charity's seraphic glow,
And gleams of glory that foreshow
A higher, brighter scene.

For even that refuge but bestows
A transient tho' a sweet repose,
For one short hour allow'd:
Then, upwards we shall take our flight
To hail a spring without a blight,
A heaven without a cloud!

Of 'The Test of Faith—Israel a Warning to Britain, and other poems,' by S. B. Hall, it is proposed to divide the profits, should any accrue from the sale, "equally between the Church Missionary Society, and the West Riding Church Building Society;" and the author, in his preface, "frankly avows that he makes no pretensions to those peculiar characteristics which are 'properly considered as entitling the possessor to the appellation of poet.'" The modesty of this disclaimer, and the excellence of the purpose, might disarm criticism, if the volume itself were written in the spirit of the one or the other. The humility of the preface is neutralized, however, by the dogmatism of the text, and the pharisaical charity of the former by the narrow bigotry of the latter. When we find the Muse called in to aid the purposes, clothe the denunciations, and, if possible, dignify the merest commonplaces of sectarian rancour, we are not sorry to find that she refuses to obey the feeble conjuration; and to announce that the walls of Jericho are in no danger whatever of falling down before the sound of this particular tin trumpet.

'Fruits of Reflection, a discursive poem,' bears no author's name on its title-page, comes from a different publisher, and dates from another place than the volume of which we have last spoken. Like the latter, however, it is written in blank verse—partakes in all its qualities, if we except perhaps the worst

part of its spirit, and offers every temptation to conclude that it was cast in the mint of the same unimelodious lyre. The authors are kindred spirits at the least, and may be left to make their attempt on Parnassus together;—so we have given them the benefit of juxta-position.

'Costanza of Mistra' is a poem of some pretension, coming before us in all the dignity of five cantos, and Spenser's measure, and recording the story of a daughter of one of the Mainote chiefs, who avenged the death of her father, put to death by the Turkish Governor of the Morea, and took a conspicuous part in the subsequent revolution which gave freedom to Greece. The first note to canto I, which gives, from Blaquiere's 'Narrative of a second visit to Greece,' the particulars of the heroine's history in the reasonable compass of a page, contains every incident which the author himself has contrived—Apollo knows (or rather does not know) how—to expand into 141 pages. It is a feat more curious than admirable; and if the author will be advised by us, he will repose upon his present laurels. We scarcely think him likely to add to his fame by any future attempt.

'A Wreath of Minstrelsie,' by Philip-Smith Sparling, is a modest pocket volume, put forth with little pretension, and deserving at least as much notice as it claims. The author makes his excuses for his appearance pleasantly enough. "The spirit of poetry," he says, "is, I conceive, but a natural companion to any one who is capable of making any distinction between concord and discord; and being, moreover, a conversable spirit, it is no more possible to restrain it from occasionally babbling forth its own thoughts and feelings, than to repress the noise of the waters when the winds blow upon them; and this, in a greater or less degree, as we find ourselves immersed in, or disengaged from, the more active employments of life. I do not come before the public with any conceit that I shall obtain rank or distinction as a poet. The pieces in the following volume can hardly be considered more than flights of the imagination reduced to rhyme and metre, not altogether unmusical, which is one of the necessary qualifications of poetry. Should I obtain any approbation from the public, I shall be compensated for all the anxiety which is only natural on such an occasion; but if, on the contrary, a laugh should be raised at my expense for having perpetrated such a folly, and I be anywhere within hearing of it, I shall be the first to join in with it." Now, a man who has gone through what we have, in the preparation for this article, cannot be very fastidious; and we have no disposition to treat the author unkindly. His own appreciation of his own poetry is singularly just. We cannot say much more for it than he has ventured to say himself; but he has an ear for melody—as the following lines (the best, however, in his volume) may prove:—

Ye scenes around my childhood's home,
I hail ye once again, with eye
Unwearied, though perchance I come
With some variety
Of thought, and with a heavier heart,
And darker shadows on my brow,
And fewer hopes as years depart,
To cheer the struggles now
Which set around my fiftful lot;
And having braved the storms as yet,
I come unto my native spot,
Which I shall never forget;
To stand against all circumstance,
For ill or good as best I may;
To meet the cold suspicious glance,
Where in an earlier day
Some love might shine—but 'tis not meet
I here record what I have learned
By some experience!—scenes more sweet,
For which my heart hath yearned
When far away—were in my sight
Once more, in richest colouring,
Gathered from that reflected light
Which memory doth fling
O'er all which our affections stamp,
As sacred relics, won from time,
The spoiler on his wasting tramp,
Through every pleasant clime.

Ah me! the buoyant hopes of youth
Are but a mere remembrance now;
The frost-winds of some early ruth
Have chased across my brow,
And worked within my heart, so long,
All pleasure seems but fiction's tale,
And cherished forms a shadow through
Seen through some dreamy veil—
So faint the traces which they leave,
I scarce can tell them if they be,

But the mere scenes which fancies weave
In midnight imagery.

But yonder valley and its stream,
There babbling o'er the stony bed,
Are fresh before me in no dream,
And when I hither tread
I find some old remembered tree,
Or broken stile which still remain,
Sure pledges they that memory
Deceiveth not again.

I said with heavier heart I came
Amidst these old frequented haunts—
I said my thoughts were scarce the same—
I hear not now the chaunts
Of merry voices—those old walls
Are silent as the depths of night,
And if, indeed, the spirit calls,
She trembles in afright,
To hear her own sad voice alone
Thrown back upon the whispering wind,
Instead of some expected tone
Which memory left behind;
Those merry voices—they are hushed—
Those merry faces wear the hue
Of hopes in disappointment crushed,
Which ne'er will spring anew.

It was not thus those gleesome forms
Came trooping through the green fields here,
The threatening of summer storms
Alone awaken'd fear;
These favoured haunts then told no tales
Of happier hours or loved ones gone,
From earth into death's stilly vales,
To damp the mirth of one.
What recked we of the waste and blight;
Pale forms which yet we had not found,
And fancy scarce could choose her light,
Save from the shewn around.
To tint the coming dreams of life;
It is enough when over head
Bursts the reality of strife,
Her darker hues to spread.

'Buds of Hope,' by Margaret Richardson, must have been acceptable to those who recommended their publication, although we should not ourselves have joined in that advice. To fond and interested friends, such collections may form a graceful and appropriate offering; but the public, who can have no sympathy with the individual, would, in all probability, do Mrs. Richardson an injustice if they should judge her by the volume before us.

'Indecision, a Tale of the Far West, and other Poems,' by J. K. Mitchell, M.D., comes to us from across the Atlantic, and undertakes to describe, in the struggles of a Scottish emigrant to the Western Prairies, the evils that wait on indecision of character and want of candour. The incidents are not very clearly made out, and the moral we should not have made out at all, if the author had not extracted it for us, and put it down in plain italics. The Doctor has, notwithstanding, a touch of the poetic spirit, and gets every now and then on to the very border of the haunted land. He has, besides, the advantage of dealing with forms of life and scenery which confer a freshness on his materials that we on this side the water want; and which must give their inspiration to American poetry whenever America shall produce a great poet of her own. A short passage will enable our readers to judge how far the author before us uses them to the purposes for which they are available:—

The last faint trace of day had cens'd to smile
On lengthen'd Alleghany's waving pile,
And clouds, so lately bath'd in golden light,
Were softly silver'd by the queen of night!
And one by one, in autumn's deep blue sky,
The stars put forth their brightest blazonry,
O'er darken'd leaves the mountain shadows slept,
Through dying lances the mournful zephyrs swept;
The night hawk's scream, the moan of whip-poor-will,
The cricket's cry, the tree frog's cadenced trill;
The panther's hungry howl, the wolf's wild bay,
The screech-owl's requiem o'er departed day,
Conspire to cast o'er western night a tone,
To other lands, however wild, unknown.
The very clearness of the air is dear,
It seems to bring the awful blue so near;
And that wild light is just enough to show
The wildest shapes of wildest things below—
We feel as if too near the panther's swoop,
We pause to hear the Indian's mortal whoop;
The dead-gaas, rustling in the fitful gale,
Suggests the rattlesnake's venomous trail;
And giant bats, with tick'ring pinions near,
Seem restless spirits from another sphere.

With a few verses from the miscellaneous portion of the volume, we must wind up our article for the present week.

The New and the Old Song.

A new song should be sweetly sung,
It goes but to the ear;
A new song should be sweetly sung,
For it touches no one near:

But an old song may be roughly sung;
The ear forgets its art,
As comes upon the rudest tongue
The tribute to the heart.

A new song should be sweetly sung,
For memory gilds it not;
It brings not back the strains that rung
Through childhood's sunny cot.
But an old song may be roughly sung,
It tells of days of glee,

When the boy to his mother clung,
Or danc'd on his father's knee.
On tented fields 'tis welcome still;
'Tis sweet on the stormy sea,
In forest wild, on rocky hill,
And away on the prairie-lea:—
But dearer far the old song,
When friends we love are nigh,
And well known voices, clear and strong,
Unite in the chorus-cri,

Of the old song, the old song.
The song of the days of glee,
When the boy to his mother clung,
Or danc'd on his father's knee!
Oh, the old song—the old song!
The song of the days of glee,
The new song may be better sung,
But the good old song for me!

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Confessions of a Thug, by Captain Meadows Taylor, 3 vols.—The same reasons which induced us to pass over the 'Illustrations of the History and Practice of the Thugs' (*Athen.* No. 544) without any diffuse notice, determine us also on the present occasion—though the revolting details of a system of assassination, all the more fearful from the part which Superstition takes in its organization and maintenance, are here cleverly wrought up into a story, relieved with episodes illustrating Indian life and manners. Monotony was inevitable in a tale like this, that the Thug's appetite for murder naturally "grows with what it feeds on;" but the author has done what he could to keep alive an interest in the confessions of Ameer Ali, who, despite his hideous vocation, is a man subject to the affections, and, though rarely, to the compunctious of humanity. Captain Taylor's style is graphic and richly coloured, though anything but tawdry. In proof, we might refer to the scenes in Hyderabad, and to Ameer's recital of the terrible day and night passed in the prison cage at Jhalone, when his long career of triumphant outrage at last met with discovery and retribution.

Temptation, or a Wife's Perils, 3 vols.—This novel, though carefully and eloquently written, is put together according to a receipt, from which we desire, at present, no further confessions. A beautiful, dowerless girl, enticed by her own thoughtless ambition, and the counsels of worldly acquaintances, to marry a man older than herself, and in every respect ungenial to her, because he is rich, and a Lord—a disinterested male friend and adviser, who warns her against such a marriage without affection, and watches her with solicitude through the dangerous maze into which she precipitates herself—a tempter, presenting himself in the guise of a *blasé* man of the world (who, however inconsistently with the nature of his class, is here made to possess a gentleness and delicacy which lead him to protect, where he might have ruined the object of his lawless passion)—and consequent scenes of struggle, agony, and repentance.—Who is there that knows not the whole sad tale by heart? and why need we, therefore, say more than to recommend this, its last, and not least powerful version, to all such as are not deterred by our views of the questionable nature of the subject, and the morbid sympathies it excites beyond the legitimate province of fiction?

The East India Voyager; or Ten Minutes Advice to the Outward Bound, by Emma Roberts.—A large portion of this closely-printed volume is filled with that minute and circumstantial information urgently required by all persons about to visit India; and where Miss Roberts's own experience could not avail her, she has called in the assistance of persons well acquainted with India—its civil and military services; the result being a satisfactory manual—terminated by full particulars concerning the means of overland transport recently arranged by Mr. Waghorn.

A Paper—of Tobacco; treating of the Rise, Progress, Pleasures, and Advantages of Smoking, with Anecdotes of distinguished Smokers, Mems on Pipes and Tobacco-boxes, and a Critical Essay on Snuff, by Joseph Fume.—We meant to take a tolerably large

pinch from this paper of tobacco; but having found it, though of good quality, dry rather than piquant, we can merely hand it over to lovers of "the weed" more enthusiastic than ourselves. All such as care to read by whom tobacco was first discovered—under whose care first cultivated—by whom first imported into England—of its divers qualities—and the names rather than the humours of the long line of wits and sages who have patronized it, (according to Joseph Fume) down to "Lord Brougham, Dr. Maltby, Bishop of Durham, Christopher North, J. G. Lockhart, T. Campbell, Sir Morgan O'Doherty, T. Moore, Sir E. L. Bulwer, Captain Marryat, Boz, and Sergeant Talbot"—all good smokers and true; opposed to whom, by way of "Counterblast," we have but Dr. Southey, —all such as would descant with unction upon the Turkish pipe, the Dutch pipe, the hookah, and the homely old "yard of clay," will find here the fullest particulars in a portable form—"Phiz" having done his part towards pleasing them by contributing half-a-dozen etched drolleries illustrative of the subject.

A New Exposition of Euclid's Elements, by A. Day, LL.D.—This is an ingenious book, which will be acceptable to the lovers of geometrical reasoning,—a class unfortunately becoming daily more limited.

Davidson's English Grammar.—This work contains many plain and valuable rules for acquiring a grammatical knowledge of our language, and will be found useful to the mere English student.

Le Page's French School.—Neither better nor worse than any of the thousand-and-one short cuts to a knowledge of the French language already published.

Dictionary of English Roots.—[*Dictionnaire des Racines Anglaises*, &c.]—The work is well designed, but badly executed.

Bethune's Practical Economy.—This little work is the first treatise on economic science that has been published for the use of the working classes by members of their own body, and it is gratifying to find the authors strenuously urging the great principle, that security of property is the primary element of national prosperity to all classes, but especially to the lowest. They demonstrate that a general scramble would incalculably diminish the amount to be shared, and infinitely increase the number of competitors. Plain as this truth is, they complain that it is not comprehended by the generality of operatives, and they dwell very strongly on the necessity of giving such instruction to the labouring classes as will enable them to detect the fallacies by which they are misguided and led to injure themselves by strikes, combinations, and hostility to capital and machinery. The work, as a whole, is very creditable to the authors, but in some places we regret to find a tendency to crude speculation, and to extending theories, founded on limited observation to wide and sweeping generalities, which, at the best, can have no practical utility.

List of New Books.—The Book of the People, by F. de Lemennais, 24mo. cl. 1s. 6d.—Local Preacher's and Home Missionary's Assistant, by a Christian Minister, 18mo. cl. 1s. 6d.—Memoirs of Mrs. Chapone, by John Cole, 32mo. cl. 2s.—Treasures of Truth, a Selection of Moral and Sacred Prose, 32mo. cl. 3s.—A Token of Regard, by the Author of 'Affection's Keepsake', 32mo. cl. 1s. 6d.—The Courtier of the Days of Charles the Second, by Mrs. Gore, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.—Wade's British History, 8vo. cl. 30s.—Wise's Analysis of One Hundred Voyages to and from India, China, &c. royal 8vo. cl. 14s.—Two Ways of Dying for a Husband, by N. P. Willis, 8vo. cl. 8s.—Morton's Surgical Anatomy of the Groin, royal 8vo. cl. 9s. plain, 13s. coloured.—Virgil's *Æneid*, interperated Translation, 2nd edit. 12mo. cl. 6s. 6d.—Tyas's Illustrated History of Napoleon, 1st division, royal 8vo. 8vd. 6s. 6d.—The Young Bride's Book, by Arthur Freeling, royal 32mo. cl. 2s.—The Cottage Prayer-Book, 18mo. cl. 1s. 6d.—Fifth Annual Report of the Poor Law Commissioners, 8vo. cl. 4s.—Burnes's Visit to the Court of Sindh, cl. 6s.—Maret's Conversations on Political Economy, 7th edit. cl. 7s. 6d.—Cockrane's Library of Scottish Divines, Vol. I. "Binning," fc. cl. 5s.—Memoir of William Bramwell, by James Sigston, 12mo. cl. 7s. 6d.—Child's Fairy Library, 6 vols. 18mo. cl. 15s.—Necle's Romances of History, &c. 12mo. cl. 4s. 6d.—Child's Pictorial Bible, 2 vols. sq. cl. 5s.—Maurice's Lectures on Education, 12mo. cl. 7s. 6d.—Egypt, a Familiar Description of the Land, People, Produce, &c. fc. cl. 7s.—Morning Meditations, 5th edit. 12mo. cl. 2s.—Delineations of Scripture Characters, &c. by Mrs. F. Montgomery, fc. cl. 4s.—Remarks on Shooting, in Verse, by W. Watt, 12mo. cl. 5s.—Advice to a Young Gentleman on Entering Society, 18mo. cl. 2s. 6d.—Memoirs of My Dog, by the Rev. Ingram Obbitt, sq. cl. 2s. 6d.—The Little Book of Botany, 32mo. cl. 1s. 6d.—The Little Book of Animals, 32mo. cl. 1s. 6d.—Fire-side Education, by S. Goodrich, 8vo. swd. 1s. 6d.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

United States, July.

It is clear enough, as I before observed, that steam is bringing on a new era. It seems as if the people here were all crazy. Nothing is unprojected. I have mentioned the line between Liverpool and Boston, via Halifax: that is settled, and no more is said of it. But now it is reported that we are to have a line of superb iron boats between Glasgow and New York, of a construction and power which it is confidently believed will accomplish the voyage in ten days regularly. All eyes, of course, are open for the *British Queen*, as another scene in this grand bewildering drama. Again, a New Orleans paper intimates that there is to be shortly a direct steam communication between that city and Liverpool, and that there is at this moment a steam ship on the stocks in the latter port, which will be launched in time to make her first voyage next fall. These are signs of the times. They indicate, as I intimated, a new era,—a complete commercial revolution, among other things, but much more of course. Look at the personal intercommunication between the continents, and consider the effect of that in all its bearings. Let it be understood, however, that it is not the mere steam facilities of themselves that seem to add locomotion among all classes; but the *spirit of steam*, so to speak, wakes up everything else. Those who cannot travel in a steam-boat must travel in some other way. Those who cannot cross the Atlantic, are yet bent upon locomotion. The world, in a word, is rubbing its eyes open. This whole continent, as I have before remarked, never presented (could one survey its vast surface) such a strange exciting spectacle of activity and agitation of body and mind. Nobody is content with the old rate or ratio of doing things. It would seem as if the very steam-boats themselves had put new courage on, and that they were multiplying their forces by almost supernatural means. You estimated the boats on Lake Erie last season at forty, whereas there are now seventy. The style in which those mighty inland seas are now hourly traversed by these floating palaces, is, as Crockett says, a "caution"—a caution for people to be prepared for all things, and to disbelieve nothing. The steamer *Cleveland* made the passage recently from Detroit to Buffalo (300 miles) with 100 passengers, in 21½ hours. And at something like this rate they are flying up and down the Mississippi. The *William French*, says a New Orleans journal, "made her last trip from this city to Louisville and back, in eleven days and twenty hours." I perceive that a voyage was lately made from the same port all the way up to Cincinnati, and back again, in sixteen days, or rather less. You may "cry me a-mercy" of these statistics and stories, but they are not idle tales: as I said before, they are signs of the times—of strange times; and the day will come when men will review them, perhaps more deliberately than we do, but with feelings not less interested;—at all events, as records of great changes, of revolutions going on, and the end of which no one knows, they deserve preservation.

I have alluded to the increase of personal communication between England and America. It was predicted, you are aware, that the new steamers would supersede the old Liners at once. But behold the operation of steam. It has filled up not only its own vehicles, but all the others. The packets—and there are fifty of them—to and from New York, were never so crowded, and in the steerage as well as the cabin; and the same is true of all the "transient vessels." The Old World would seem literally to be swarming. In May came about 12,000 passengers to New York alone. Of these, probably, three-fourths were British. On the whole, I believe, the quality of our immigration is decidedly improving. I copy the following paragraph from a St. Louis paper:—

"We learn that the company of Lutherans, amounting to about 700 persons, who arrived here a few weeks since, have purchased 10,000 acres of choice land in Perry county (Mo.), comprising an excellent landing place on the Mississippi, at the mouth of Brazos creek. This company own a library of some 20,000 volumes, and intend, shortly, to establish a college. They will form a desirable addition to the population of this State."

Emigrants of this character always prosper among

us. They have the good sense to go directly to the western lands, and they come provided with the means, as well as the habits and spirit, for doing so to advantage. These lands are both cheap and good; and I do not wonder at the rapidity with which they continue to be taken up. The largest public sale of them ever held in this country, lately took place, in what is called the Milwaukee district, Wisconsin territory. The quantity sold being 425,500 acres, and the amount of prices \$567,339. About 19-20ths of this was purchased by actual settlers.

Having indulged in one favourite vein thus far, I, like all hobby-riders, flatter myself that my audience are not more weary of the subject than myself. I must, at all events, venture to add a curious sketch I have just found in a western paper, of one of the multifarious modes of migration adopted by these various and ever-moving hosts of colonists, from east to west. Hundreds of such scenes are going on hourly. The site is at St. Louis.

"During a stroll yesterday, on the river bank, up town," says the editor, "we caught sight of a queer-looking 'craft,' christened 'T. Scott'—for R. River. This boat is a keel, built upon flat-boat fashion, measures 75 tons, and is furnished with wheels each side, moved by six horses. She was built on the Muskingum, Ohio, about 20 miles from the mouth, for the purpose of conveying a party of emigrants, consisting of two families—in all 18 persons, men, women, and children,—from the Muskingum to Rock River, Illinois. The boat copies a little after the 'Old Ark.' She has horses, cattle, and swine on board; geese, ducks, and chickens; farming utensils of all sorts, from wagon wheels down to a hoe-handle; seeds and plants, several of them springing up in boxes prepared for the purpose; beds, bedding, and household furniture, wearing apparel, and 'spun-truck,' and a full year's stock of provisions for all concerned. She has been on her way, having now completed 1000 miles of her voyage, since the 12th of March. Eleven hundred dollars have been expended on the boat, and something more on the passage for the live stock. The accommodations are good for both man and beast. It is intended to run the boat regularly on Rock River,—as with her present load, about 20 tons, she draws 18 inches. Meanwhile, as the movers on board have not made their location, they will use the boat for their temporary accommodation, moving in any direction on the river, without much expense, until they can hit upon the right spot for a settlement."

I have spoken of our immigration, chiefly so far as the steerage class is concerned. This is the more important division, in a national point of view, and, of course, the most considerable in numbers. The influx of travellers, however, as distinguished from settlers, is increased, perhaps, in equal proportion. Men of all nations are coming among us to see as well as to settle; and "the cry is still, they come!" I may name among these, the Chevalier Francis de Guerstner, now on a visit in this country, for the purpose of inspecting our internal improvements. The Chevalier constructed the first railroad in Belgium; and after introducing that great improvement of the age into Russia, by the successful construction of the railroad from St. Petersburg to Powlowsk, arrived in the United States in November last. He has already passed over 2,000 miles of railroads in the United States, and expects to pass over at least 1,000 more before returning to Europe.

If, indeed, the Chevalier be resolved really to see all our improvements, he has a good deal of work before him. Few, even among ourselves, are aware of the extent of our internal improvements, done or projected. I believe it is correctly stated, that there are constructing in the five western states of Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan—

Of Canals, about.....	1,250 miles.
Of Slackwater Navigation	750 "
Of Railroads	1,540 "
Of M'Adam Roads.....	1,400 "
Total	4,940

Making, in the general aggregate of work to which the States are parties, about 5,000 miles of artificial communications. Of labourers directly employed on these works, there are supposed to be not less than 20,000, during the greatest portion of the year. If to these we add the public officers, engineers, con-

tractors, agents, store-keepers, and the ordinary proportion of families, we shall find a population of not less than 150,000 dependent on the public works of the western States. The expenditures now annually amount to between four and five millions of dollars, and the sum total of money pledged by legislative enactments to the completion of these works, with what has already been expended on them, is at least forty-eight millions of dollars. To this we may add five millions pledged on the parts of individuals, and large sums for the completion of the National Road. Of this aggregate, about ten millions have already been expended; and it is within bounds to say, that an amount fully equal to the sum total will be expended on these and other similar undertakings within the next eight years.

Of the National Road, not so much is known as it merits; for, in reality, it is among the greatest works of modern times: extending from Cumberland, at the eastern base of the Alleghanies, through the seats of government in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, to Mississippi, a distance of nearly 800 miles, generally in a straight line, and of a grade so gentle, that even on the mountains the pace of a horse need not be broken: it is the highway on which a large portion of the emigrating host flow on to the still receding west. This road passes, for the most part, through the centre of those great upland plains, which lie between the Lakes and the Ohio. It crosses in succession the Muskingum, the Scioto, the Miamies, the Whitewater, the White River, the Wabash, the Illinois, the Ohio Canal, the Miami Canal, the Whitewater Canal, the Central Canal, the Wabash Canal, the Central Railroad, with all the great M'Adam roads of Ohio and Indiana. It conducts the emigrant at once into the fertile valleys of these streams.

The great Southern Railroad from Charleston to Cincinnati, destined to break down all barriers between the east and west, I have mentioned before. I need only add respecting it, the prevalent belief, that the immense subscriptions by three States, the establishment of a Railroad Bank, with great privileges, the grant of a charter by Kentucky, with the certainty of her great interest, and consequent assistance in the completion of this work, place its ultimate success now beyond a reasonable doubt.

I mentioned, in one of my letters, that the tolls of the Pennsylvania "improvements," last year, were a million of dollars. The earnings of the New York State Canals, during April and ten days of May, this year, were \$400,000! Of the vast business carried on upon these waters, some notion may be formed from the fact, that when, recently, a break occurred in the Erie Canal, between Schenectady and Utica, which took only three days to repair,—during this short time, a line of boats collected on the canal of over four miles in extent. This trade rests upon solid foundations. Independently of that magnificent "great West," which is more and more learning the way to the Atlantic by these canals, and rapidly filling up with a population destined, at once, to become exporters of an immense surplus production, New York itself is truly an "empire State." Observe a few items of its mere manufacturing industry, the least of its operations, by the last official returns:—

	Dollars.
Flour from 2,051 grist mills	20,140,000
Lumber .. 6,948 saw mills	6,880,000
Leather .. 412 tanneries	5,598,000
Iron .. 293 iron works	4,349,000
Woolens .. 274 woollen factories	2,433,000
Woollens .. 965 fulling mills	2,894,000
1,061 carding machines	2,651,000
Cottons .. 111 cotton factories	3,030,000
Other .. 15 drying and printing ditto	2,465,000
Spirits .. 337 distilleries	3,098,000
Beer .. 94 breweries	1,381,000
Iron .. 141 triphammers	303,000
Pot & pearlshells, 693 asheries	726,000
Cordage .. 63 rope factories	900,000
Glass .. 13 glass factories	448,000
Paper .. 70 paper mills	685,000
Oil mills, clove mills, &c.	469,000
Woollen, linen, and cotton, made in families,)	2,029,000
8,782,973 yards.....	
	60,669,000

To this survey, let me add, as a supplement, the amount of canals and railroads in the State, completed, commenced, or authorized by the government and incorporated companies, in miles and capital:—

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	Miles.	Dollars.
Canals and railroads finished	995	19,447,711
Canals and railroads commenced	1,134	23,750,000
Canals and railroads authorized	1,704	31,064,000
Erie Canal and enlargement authorized, say		23,000,000
Total canal and railroads	3,833	96,251,711

Speaking of these New York manufactures, a Poughkeepsie man has lately introduced what is here considered an improvement in pin-making. The old fashion of managing the heads you are familiar with; but here the wire of which the pins are made is taken into the machines, and the process of making the pins with solid heads, all from the wire, is completed by the machines,* leaving nothing to be done, except the washing and placing them upon papers. So, you see, we are in a fair way of making our own pins; and, I believe, the same may be said of buttons. It is but a few years since the latter were imported almost entirely. At present, nearly a sufficient supply for the United States comes from a single establishment in a Massachusetts village. This employs some hundred girls, and turns out 1000 gross, of all varieties, daily. It is said, also, that we are making progress in the manufacture of musical instruments. About 100,000 pianofortes, yearly, are made among us. In jewellery, we have long since ceased to buy from you. The French make some pretty things, in which we can't yet do without them.

I was speaking of westward emigration. Before forgetting the subject, I should say a word of Texas. You have not heard much lately of that region, but it has not been idle. I think it was Talleyrand who remarked, that in America the same social revolutions were to be followed in space which in other and older countries were to be followed in time. As we go West, for the most part, it is the same as for you to live over the past. We have all the processes of settlement and civilization continually going on, as in some great manufactory where every part of the business is done at once in the various rooms and stories. The new country, just at this moment, is this same Texas. There are now five steamers weekly between Houston and New Orleans, and six daily between Houston and Galveston. But hear what the *Houston Star* has to say:—"Eighteen months ago Galveston did not contain 20 inhabitants, now it has near 2,000. Two years ago this city was a naked prairie, it has now between 3 and 4,000 inhabitants. But our prosperity is not confined to the coast and our seaport towns: there were on the road between here and Washington eighteen months ago but three houses, there are now thirty-seven, and rapid preparations are making for others. The population between Washington and Lagrange has increased fourfold, and Lagrange, which at that time had never been thought of for a town, now contains a population of 4 or 500; and Rutersville, only five miles from Lagrange, which was laid off only six months ago, now contains about 300. On the Colorado river, between Lagrange and Bastrop, there were about a dozen houses, now there is between 2 and 300. Bastrop at that time contained 20 houses, it has now 200, and many of them equal to the best in Houston. The settlement above Bastrop, on the Colorado river, then consisted of about eight or ten families, it is now one of the thickest in Texas. Many of our planters are putting in large crops of cotton, and twice as much will be produced this season as has ever been before raised in the country." So "westward the star of empire holds its way!" In the upper part of Texas some interesting scientific explorations have lately been made by Prof. Riddell and a party. We are told that besides fine coal beds, free-stone, &c., they found, north of lat. 41°, (contrary to Gen. Dearborn's opinion, who has recently advanced the theory that no such waters existed on this continent so high,) numerous large lakes at the sources of the Trinity, containing fine fish and the beautiful pond lily (the *Nymphaea odorata*) of the north, in great abundance, perfuming the air with its odour. Prof. Riddell collected several hundred rare plants. Emigrants are rushing to the borders of the river from the northern states, and a company of Germans are about planting a vineyard at Crockett. By the bye, before I close this long letter, I must

* Several beautiful inventions, says Dr. Ure, have been employed to make pins entirely, or in a great measure, by machinery: one of the most complete, is that for which Mr. Wright obtained a patent in 1824.—Ed.

make some mention of one just deceased at Hayti, who formerly excited great attention both in your country and mine.—I mean the famous *Prince Saunders*, the most distinguished coloured man we ever had. He was born in New England,—had, I think, a college education; and this is not very rare, I had a coloured classmate myself, now in Liberia. He taught a coloured school in Connecticut, and then in Boston. Thence he went to Hayti, where he was employed by Christophe, as his agent to improve the state of education in his dominions, and was sent to Europe to procure means of instruction. In England he was treated as minister plenipotentiary, and his cognomen being mistaken for his title, he was conversant with the nobility, admitted to the society of the king, and quite at home at the house of Sir Joseph Banks, then president of the Royal Society. These, I believe, are well-known facts. From some cause his conduct in Europe did not please his royal master, and on his return he was dismissed. When he returned to this country, he studied divinity, and at one time officiated in a church in Philadelphia. After this he removed to Hayti again, and at the time of his death he was the attorney-general of the government. Many good anecdotes are told of this man, who, if no *Prince*, was an uncommonly fine fellow. One of them, which has obtained general currency among us, seems too good to be lost. I tell it "as 'tis told me." While residing at Boston, he was a good deal noticed by several of the principal families in that city, and by one lady in particular, who took much interest in his welfare, and would occasionally, when he called upon her at breakfast, give him a cup of coffee, which he would drink standing behind her chair. This lady afterwards visited England at the time when Prince was running his round of "lionization" there; and one morning he called upon her while she was at breakfast. She had heard something of his newly-acquired greatness, and felt embarrassed in deciding how to treat him. The "standing cup," which she had been accustomed to proffer him, might not now be exactly the kind of courtesy he would expect; and she was not prepared to offer him a seat at her table, and place him on the footing of an equal. In this dilemma it occurred to her that the best way would be to put her civility in such a shape as would throw the solution of the difficulty upon him, trusting that his good sense and recollection of the past would relieve her from her embarrassment. She therefore asked him, not to sit down and take breakfast with her, but whether he had breakfasted. "Thank you, Madam," was Prince's answer,—given with all the ease and indifference of an accomplished "lion."—"Thank you, Madam, I am going to breakfast with the Prince Regent."

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE Diffusion Society has once again shown signs of life. Since we took leave to examine into and to comment on its proceedings in 1832, it has been silent and secret as a dumb man; the shadow of death seemed to rest upon it; and we began to fear that it would pass quietly away, and give no sign. Unexpectedly, however, it has awakened from its deep sleep, the following circular having been lately received by the Committees of the different Mechanics' Institutions in and around London:—

59, Lincoln's Inn Fields, 2nd August, 1839.

Sir,—It is the wish of the Committee of the Society for Diffusion of Useful Knowledge to establish a correspondence among the various Mechanics' Institutions in England, and between them and this Society; so that neighbouring institutions, by dividing the travelling expenses of lecturers among them, may diminish the cost of each course of lectures; that one set of apparatus, or collection of models or of specimens of natural history, or even one set of books, may serve for many institutions; and that local collections, and duplicates from libraries and museums, may be interchanged all over the country.

The Committee likewise desire, by an Annual Report, and by correspondence and interchange of suggestions and advice, to make the experience of one institution serve as a guide to others; and they hope, by degrees, to be able to assist in supplying the wants of the various institutions, whether these relate to teachers, to books, or to apparatus.

With this view, they are desirous of receiving from all Mechanics' Institutions and similar bodies, annually, in the month of June, such a report of their proceedings, as will enable the Committee to give, annually, a view of the progress of Adult Education in Great Britain; and they entertain no doubt that great benefit will result from their labours, if they are seconded by the cordial assistance of the several institutions throughout the kingdom.

The Committee are of opinion, that such a correspondence

among the Societies in London and its neighbourhood would be very advantageous, not only directly to these institutions, but as an example and incitement to those in the country; and they are desirous that one or two members of your Committee should do them the favour to meet me and some of my colleagues here on Wednesday next, at four o'clock, for the purpose of conferring with us upon the expediency and the means of establishing such a correspondence.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

(Signed) BROUGHAM, Chairman.

In consequence, about forty gentlemen assembled at the Society's Chambers, to whom Lord Brougham explained the nature and object of the proposed meeting. He suggested, as the best means of carrying them into effect, that a Committee of Delegates from the several institutions should be formed, which Committee should put itself in communication with the institutions scattered over the country, and from time to time report proceedings to the Council of the Diffusion Society, suggesting for consideration the best means by which the Council could give aid and support. After some inquiries, and an opinion expressed by Dr. Birkbeck in favour of the project, a resolution approving of the principle was unanimously agreed to.

There can be no question, it appears to us, that such a Committee may become extensively serviceable. The experience of each association might thus be made available to all; information, now so often sought in vain, could be given, as to the best means of founding new Societies;—a helping hand held out to them in their early struggles: by co-operation and arrangement all might be enabled to secure efficient lecturers on moderate terms, and the lecturers themselves assisted by the loan of models and apparatus;—and, in fifty other ways, such a Committee, aided by the funds of the Diffusion Society, if acting with sound discretion, might become serviceable. Objections, it is true, immediately suggest themselves, to which, however, we do not think it necessary specifically to advert, being assured that reasonable caution will enable the Committee to steer clear of them. Wishing, therefore, well to the project,—which, so far as the Diffusion Society is concerned, is perfectly legitimate, and but an extension of the principle on which it was founded,—we would suggest—but in no captious spirit,—whether the Council of the Society be not too apt to devote its attention to the assistance of those who can, in a degree at least, assist themselves. It is well to aid in establishing Mechanics' Institutions, and in extending the usefulness of those already in existence:—but there are millions who live out of the reach of such establishments. A mechanic almost of necessity is a town dweller; he is, to a certain extent, however limited, educated by his senses—by his fellow men; he is within reach of cheap literature, and can combine with others for the purpose of benefiting by it; but the farm labourer dwells alone, or in small villages; and we have melancholy proof that many of his class are as ignorant as the beasts of the field, and prepared to bow down and worship a madman as their god. Surely something can be done to help these people: what, we are not prepared to say;—we only suggest the subject for consideration.

We must yet have a few more last words about the Bacchiaccas. Mr. Sandford, the proprietor of these two pictures, having transmitted our criticism upon them (*Athen. Nos. 607, 610*) to President Rossini, of Pisa, and Professor Benvenuti, of Florence, now sends us their answers. Our respect for these gentlemen is as great as we can possibly feel for persons about whom we know nothing,—except that the former promises a book upon Art, and the latter has painted certain large frescoes at the Pitti. But we must leave it with their European reputation to give their opinions what weight it may: those opinions, we shall merely announce, are in favour of the Bacchiaccas being *authentic*—whilst our own impressions (as amateurs) were somewhat against it. With regard to their being *repainted*, Sig. Rossini refers this "cosa di fatto" to our judges here: Sig. Benvenuti says "per quanto mi ricordo erano abbastanza conservati, se si vuol considerare l'epoca in cui furono dipinti."—a plain admission that they have not retained their original perfection. We are sorry to find these beautiful pictures, whether Bacchiaccas or not, so ill appreciated by the English public; but did Mr. Sandford expect anything else? Had he brought home a couple of *Bambocciate* instead, he would have shown much pro-

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